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# TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

The Silver Question.
SEE FIFTH PAGE

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## Poetry.

### THE LONE FISHERMEN.

Oh—hey, there! Mister Cleveland—
Excuse us ef we ask,
But yeou seem mighty comf'table
Alongside thet there cask.

Yeou've fisht away all summer,
An' naow we're inter fall,
Say, tell us, Mister Cleveland,
Hed enny bites at all?

This fishin' is too much fer us,
It ain't no summer pome!
We've hed enough fer onct, yeou bet,
An' we air goin' home.

We ketched a French sea-urchin,
All prickles, mouth an' feet;
It tangled up aour lines, an' 'twant
No airthly use ter eat!

Then ole Deficiency, thet crab
Thet allus lays in wait,
Kep' scarin' all the fish away
An' gobblin' up aour bait.

An' a syndicated devil-fish,
Fer all aour pains an' fuss,
It grabbed ahoit aour anchor chains
An' darn near drownded us!

This bein' all we got ter show
Fer patience, time an' pluck,
We kind o' thought we'd like to know
Ef you've hed enny luck?

So—hey, there! Mister Cleveland—
Hev ye ennything ter dish?
When one don't git no decent bite
It ain't much fun ter fish!
—Exchange.

### WE'RE ALL THAT WAY.

LAYING THE BLAME.

When you spend all your dollars—make debts you can't pay,
And the flag of prosperity's furled,
Just get in a corner
Like "Little Jack Horner,"
And say, "It's a cruel old world!"

For there's comfort in growling and howling that way,

"TO BLAME THE WHOLE THING ON THE WORLD."

When your bark on the rocks has been hurled,
It takes off a double,
Big load of your trouble
To blame the whole thing on the world!

### MASTER RALPH'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS.

Grandmothers are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row in the cellar;
And are apt, if they know it in time,
To make chicken pie for a feller.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, those boys will be boys!"

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns, very low,
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven and when they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last;
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night;
Some boys more than others, I s'pose;
Such as I need a wonderful sight.
—Christian Advocate.

### FALLEN.

Fell she from her high estate;
Fell as if the hand of Fate

Had in malice struck her down;
Thrown aside her dainty crown;

Left her in the street alone,
Heart to heart with paving stone.

She so young and sweet and fair,
Creature of a purer air;

Light of home; the radiant gleam
Of a father's dearest dream.

Sunshine was but shadow while
Friends could linger in her smile.

Fell she from her proud estate,
Fell as by the hand of Fate;

Heart to heart with paving stone,
Cast into the street alone.
By a counfounded old safety bicycle.
—W. J. Lampton, in N. Y. Sun.

## Miscellany.

### MYSTERIES OF LUNAR ECLIPSE.

**Phases That are Not Fully Understood and are Well Worthy Study.**

Careful observation of the late lunar eclipse tended to show that the test proposed to determine whether the moon was partly illuminated during totality by the radiation of absorbed sunlight was insufficient to determine the extent and character of such radiation.

Fifteen or twenty minutes after totality the illumination of the crescent of the new moon, or the moon's western limb, with a bluish white light, seemed to indicate that this portion, long in the sun's rays, was throwing off absorbed sunlight, and was, therefore, much brighter than the rest of the moon, which had never received less, and was of a faintly reddish hue. At that time the northeastern quadrant was comparatively dark. While the western rim was unduly brighter than any other portion of the moon during totality, it could not well be compared with the light which appeared on the eastern rim toward the close of the total phase. It was apparent that the moon during totality passed through a hollow cone of bluish white light. During the middle of the eclipse the moon barely touched the inner edge of bluish light, and was of a reddish color. Possibly this reddish appearance when the moon was near the middle of the hollow cone of bluish light was from radiation of absorbed light, but another explanation is that the light within the ring had been reddened by refraction through the lower stratum of our atmosphere.

A well-defined bluish band in advance of a field of red light was a feature of the earth's shadow as it advanced upon the illuminated portion of the moon. This band would indicate some stratification of our atmosphere, if the color came from refracted sunlight. It was in this bluish band that the western rim shone brightly at the beginning of totality, and later the eastern limb, toward the close of the total phase.

It would seem that total eclipses of the moon ought to be studied with the greatest care, for the purpose of gaining further knowledge of the earth's atmosphere. The phenomena of the moon's eclipse have not yet been sufficiently explained and careful study for a series of years is needed to determine the nature of some of the appearances during totality. — Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

### A Broad Hint.

"Sis'll be down pretty soon," said Johnny to young Mr. Hankinson. "It always takes her a long time to put on her good clothes."

There was a brief silence. It was broken by Johnny.

"Some people think candy ain't good for little boys. It don't never hurt me. It sticks right to my lungs and makes me grow."—Chicago Tribune.

### Retribution.

"Yes," said the guileless farmer, "I got hunceed once. But I got even with the feller that done it."

"How?"

"Wethout knowin' anythin' 'bout my livin' there, he come out our way lookin' fur summer board."

### Will They Quit?

Regulated household is a place where women are not asking themselves, "What will the neighbors say?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Small Boy.

PETE LEACH'S ODD CHECK.

**It Was Written on an Old Paper Collar, but Was Good at the Bank.**

This was one of the many stories told us by Doc Reister, that composite character, philosopher, cowboy and hermit, says the Philadelphia Times. Doc had been relating his experience of having held up Texas Jack, attending a Rocky mountain funeral in the dual capacity of undertaker and preacher, and his hunting mountain lion. When we asked him if he had ever been in Wyoming he told us the story of the famous check. Doc started by stating that he had been employed by an Eastern syndicate as herder to a bunch of cattle, which were ranging along the Powder river in Wyoming. "Them was warm days," said Doc. "Between the Indians and the drouth we had a —— of a hustle. Every spring after the roundup I drove a bunch of cattle down to Cheyenne for shippin'. I think it was in the spring of '88 I left with about 200 head of cattle and had crossed the north fork of the Sweetwater and had traveled over the Black Hills when I saw an outfit headed by old Pete Leach, one of the dirtiest and richest herd owners in that territory. He didn't know me, but I knowed him the minute I clapped my eye on him. He'd been down to Cheyenne shippin', and I knowed he'd made a pretty good deposit in the First National bank there. After we had grubbed together I noticed he had his eye on six of my ponies, but I never let on I'd catched on, an' when he mentioned ,careless like, that they wasn't such a bad lot, I just praised 'em like they was dropped right down from the heavenly chariots—an' I drove a pretty stiff bargain. When I told him I'd take $150 for 'em the old man kicked like a steer, but I never weakened.

"Well, when he offered me $125, as a kind of compromise, I started to move over to our corral, and then the old skin called me back and said it was a go. Then came the stickin' point—we didn't carry greenbacks loose in our clothes no more'n we did jink—an' when the old man suggested making out a check, which I knowed was as good as gold, I near had a fit. Well, he smoothed me down an' at last I told him to fork over his check. Of course he didn't have none an' he said he'd left his check book at Rockville, but that he'd give me something just as good. "Well, sir, we had the —— time you ever saw huntin' a pencil and a bit of paper. At last we did scratch up a pencil, but there wasn't no paper in the whole outfit, them cowboys not bein' of a literary turn of mind an' no mail carriers passin' that way. There wasn't much use o' writin' letters. Old Pete wasn't done up so easy—so, seein' a tenderfoot among his herders what was sporting a paper collar ,he ordered him take it off immejiet, an' said he wasn't a-goin' to have no —— dudes among his men. When the feller was out of sight he sat down an' writ his order on that collar, like this:

Cashier of the First National Bank, Cheyenne: Pay to Doc Reister within the next six days one hundred an' fifty dollars for six ponies traded for near Laramie Park, Wyoming. Reister is a short skinny man, about six feet six, with a long, hook nose.

PETE LEACH.

"This was writ on the paper side of the collar an' I remember the old man tearing the cloth backin' off an' sayin', 'if that didn't go to write him at Rockville.' Three days after that we was in Cheyenne, an' I tell you I had a time tryin' to make that dude back of them bars in that there bank give me my $150. They kep' me standin' up there 'bout half an hour an 'a lot of men come an' looked at me like I was some wild animal escaped from a show. At last when I was gettin' red hot, they showed me into a back room where six or seven gents were sittin' an' they asked me to swear all kinds of sweare that I was myself. Then an old gent with white hair, lookin' for all the world like a Sunday school superintendent, who 'peared to boss the whole shootin' match, stood up an' speechified 'bout my probably bein' the right party, an' then he kind o' winked at the cashier, an' remarked that my features was pretty good proof. Then he picked up that dirty paper collar with two fingers, like it was goin' to bite him—an' it hadn't got any cleaner in my jeans—an' he said:

"We have warned Mr. Leach about makin' out checks like this, and have told him we would not honor them. This once we will make an exception, but it must be the last.'

"Then he nodded to the cashier, an' he planked out the $150.

"The next spring I went back to that there bank in Cheyenne an' there was that dirty old greasy paper collar check with a nice white paper border an' a fine wooden frame around it, a-hanging over the desk where they ken' the pens and ink, 'long with the real decent checks.

"That pay'n' teller knowed me, an' he nodded up toward that there frame an' said somethin' about it navin' been honored an' 'bout the man what had writ it havin' $250,000 to back it right in their safe.

"I s'pose that laundried dude thought he was tellin' me somethin' I didn't know, but I had drove cattle myself for old Pete Leach five years before, an' I think I ought a knowd what his check was good for if it was writ on an old paper collar."

### A DROPPING COIN.

**It Is a Mystery Until You See It Done.**

Bend a common match in the middle, but do not break it entirely in two. Now place it at an acute angle on the mouth of an empty bottle, and ask somebody how you may succeed in getting the coin to drop into the bottle without touching or breathing upon it.

It is not likely that anybody will tell you, but you may easily perform

THE DROPPING COIN.

the trick. Dip your finger in a glass of water and let a few drops fall from it on the broken part of the match. Swollen by the moisture, the woodfibres will tend to straighten themselves, and little by little you will see the angle of the match growing larger and larger until, no longer supporting the coin, they let it drop into the bottle.

### Only One Hitch.

"Yes," said the inventor. "I think I see millions in it, if I can only get the thing to work."

"No doubt, said the doubting friend. "What have you in mind now?"

"A scheme for confining cyclones in bicycle tires. See? There is your ideal motor, at merely the cost of capture."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Chinchilla and Sealskin.

An advance edict from the furriers is that perfection will be touched the coming winter where chinchilla and sealskin are used in combinations.—New York Times.

### Three Lives Lost Each Day.

An average of three British seamen lose their lives every day by drowning, and 300 British steamers and sailing vessels are lost yearly at sea.

## AT A MORMON'S FUNERAL.

**THE BURIAL OF BISHOP WILSON AT JACKSON'S HOLE.**

**He Sheltered the Whites During the Threatened Bannack War.**

Among the interesting incidents of a journey to Jackson's Hole in search of a war which the Bannack Indians were said to be making upon the whites of the mountain valleys east of St. Anthony, Idaho, says a letter to the New York Sun, was the funeral of an officer high in the councils of the Mormon church. The people of the East, who suppose that the Mormon religion is confined to Utah, are very greatly mistaken, for here in Fremont county, as in many parts of the states adjoining Utah, the Mormons not only outnumber all other denominations combined, but they outnumber the entire population outside their church.

When some of those settlers in Jackson's Hole who were not Mormons had, by a heartless attack on an unarmed band of Bannacks, warranted the Bannacks in waging a war of retaliation, the first man to whom the majority of the settlers, both Mormon and Gentile, turned was Bishop Sylvester Wilson. The bishop was living with his son in a substantial log cabin of three rooms, and there were good outbuildings and stables where fighting men could find shelter. Here no less than ninety men and twenty-odd women, besides children, gathered, and here rifle pits were thrown up to strengthen the de-

THE FUNERAL AT THE HOUSE.

fences. The story of the doings while these people vainly waited for an attack will be told at another time; it is enough to say now that the bishop felt that he was responsible for the safety and comfort of the entire host and that the load proved too great for him. He got on very well while the supposed danger lasted. He was as great everywhere present continually day and night as a man could be until the Ninth United States Cavalry, sent to the relief of the settlement, was at hand. But when the troops had arrived at the lofty crest of the Trail Creek Pass, and a deep-chested bugler, looking down on the beautiful prospect which the valley afforded, threw his whole soul into a blast that echoed from mountain side to mountain side, telling to all who heard the musical notes that all danger was gone at last, the bishop's work was done forever.

"He just let go, sir," said his brother. "He dropped where he stood. He didn't suffer a little bit; just lay there in bed, so tired he couldn't get rested. He'd been rode to death and he had to go."

The bishop died on a Thursday. The funeral was set for 2 o'clock of the following Sunday, but by 9 o'clock of the morning of that day the friends of the family began to arrive, some coming on horseback and the rest in the substantial covered wagons common to the region. So it happened that when Brig. Gen. Coppinger, who commanded the troops, with his staff, arrived at the ranch, the scene was a novel one for Eastern eyes. The yard about the house was about an acre in extent, and it was enclosed with a post and pole fence. Within this the space was for the most part crowded full of tents and covered wagons, while long rows of saddle horses were tied to the fence poles or stood well nigh motionless between the tents, with their bridles drooping to the ground under their fore feet. Men, women, and children loitered and played about between the outfits and gathered in small groups to talk in undertones. The men were a rugged-looking lot, but the women looked as if they did not enjoy the life that had given them bent forms and big-knuckled, roughened hands. Their cheeks were not rounded. Most of them were deficient in teeth. Nearly all of them had flat or even hollow chests. Only three or four showed the bloom and contour which come only with a life of comfort and contentment. The children, however, were as fat and as shy as any ever seen in a region out of the way.

The dress of the people was of a kind to make more fortunate spectators sorry for them. It was Sunday, and they were attending a funeral, and they were dressed in their best. The men, with one exception, wore cheap but strong drilling or flannel shirts, most of them being without collars. They wore no coats, and most of them used blue or brown overalls in lieu of trousers. Their shoes, although they were little men who like fancy footwear, were of the strongest but rudest kind. The one exception was the Justice of the Peace. He was living in the valley for his health, and he could wear a starched white shirt, with stand-up collar and necktie. The dresses of the women need not be described in detail. Calicoes had been made up by themselve, with effort at ornamentation that was, perhaps, ridiculous, but which, when one considered the poverty and the hard lot of the people, seemed to a kindly heart pitiful instead.

A few yards behind the house was a log structure covering a well. The space between had been roofed over to form a veranda, and this roof had been widened out for the occasion by spreading canvas wagon covers in tent fashion. Upon one side of this shelter two small benches were placed to support the coffin. On one side were three larger benches for the family of the Bishop, and behind it a single bench for those who were to conduct the funeral services. On the other side were benches for the elders of the church, while in front were the seats for the spectators. The seats were of various kinds—a half dozen wooden chairs, which were reserved for Gen. Coppinger and his staff when it was known that he would be present; a dozen spring seats from the wagons in the yard, and rows of benches made by placing boards on logs of firewood.

The coffin was in keeping. It had been made of rough boards and covered with canton flannel, while a length of narrow cotton gimp around the top was the only ornament. A single pane of window glass let into the cover served to give the people a view of the dead man's face, and those who looked saw that a sailor-cap of starched white cotton cloth had been put on his head, that being the headdress pertaining to the Bishop's office.

At the appointed hour the people came together and filled the seats. The officials who were to conduct the services were three in number. Of these, one (the presiding elder), wore a coat, and his shirt had a collar. The choir of four people included the constable who had led the Indian killers, and a child of 14, a granddaughter of the dead bishop. The services were begun at once by the presiding elder, who stood up and in a clear voice said that the choir would sing a hymn. This the choir did, but with quavering voices that almost failed, because every one of them was greatly embarrassed by the presence of a number of army officers in their uniforms, and of other strangers as well. The hymn was a Mormon adaptation of the old orthodox song, "What Must It Be to Be There."

A prayer by an elder, that in sentiment might have been the petition of a good Methodist or Baptist, followed, and then the choir tried once more. Three or four more voices had been added to it meantime, and, as if determined to make amends for the first failure, they sounded the key notes so that all could hear, and then almost with a shout started a refrain that for years has served their church as a war cry:

Hope of Israel, rise in might
With the sword of truth and right,
Sound the war cry! Watch and pray,
Vanish every foe to-day!

Then a brother stood up beside the coffin and told the story of the bishop's life. The bishop, when a boy, had joined the Mormons in Illinois. An elder then talked for fifteen minutes on faith and repentance as an orthodox minister might have done, and after that another elder talked of matters of doctrine, making a special point of their belief that all souls go to that region or condition which Roman Catholics call purgatory, and that all will eventually get out of it and into the eternal joys of heaven.

Another hymn followed and the service was done. The ceremony of taking a farewell look at the face of the dead, always so painful to tender-hearted spectators at ordinary funerals in the East, was to follow. But here the Mormon funeral differed widely from others, for when it came the turn of the family to pass by the coffin there was neither groan nor tear nor any sign of mourning among them.

"Why should we weep?" asked the brother to whom the matter was mentioned. "Let the unbelievers weep. To them the dead go they know not where. To us death is but a happy release."

Then the coffin was placed on a farm wagon that led a long and dusty procession off across the sage bush plain and up on the crest of one of those pebbly ridges created by old-time glaciers and known as moralines. Here a shallow grave had been dug in a spot that commanded a wide view of the valley with its picturesque wooded peaks that rose to the snow line on almost every side. Here there was a brief prayer by the presiding elder, who also thanked the people for coming, and when this was done all but a few drove away, leaving the immediate friends to fill and round up the grave.

### GLADSTONE'S GREAT POWER.

**No Other Man of the Century Has Wielded as Wide an Influence.**

Happy the man who can sit on the fence and wait! Happy the politician who is old enough to have gone through all the turmoil of electioneering and is not too old to find enjoyment as a looker-on! Happy the man smoking the pipe of peace and listening to the echoes of the fight and tuning them to the music of his own reminiscences! Mr. Gladstone finds it hard to sit still. He hears the trumpet call and the roll of the drum and would gladly be in the contest once more, but the joints are stiff and the eyes are dim. He does not hear so well as he did and he must be content with the reports of the fighting and a passing remark of commendation or dissent.

There is something peculiarly pathetic in the situation of Mr. Gladstone, still moved by the desire to fight but without the power of physical impulse, says the Newcastle Chronicle. It might have been better for the world had he confined his vast intellect to moral philosophy or to abstruse theology, or had he been a priest or even a soldier, than to have put his heart and soul into politics. A soldier, would he not have smitten the enemy hip and thigh? A priest, who could have stood against his aggressive theology? A philosopher, what subtle theories he would have launched against the schools? Now that he is old and still brave as a lion, we can only rejoice that he has done less harm as a political dictator than might have been permitted to him had time renewed his lease of active life.

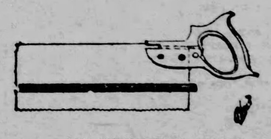
No man of our day has exercised such a fascination upon his followers. His personality was sufficient to impress the Scotch into acquiescence with his least practical schemes. The spell of his name and his remarkable individuality withdrawn, Scotland gradually assumes her normal characteristics. It was the same in England as in Scotland. Mr. Gladstone, not his policy, was the mainspring of his party success; and his opponents may be forgiven for believing that the desire to have the same influence over the Irish brought about his strange and sudden conversion to home rule.

Anyhow, he is a remarkable man, a statesman whom all parties are willing to honor, a figure and a personality that will always fill a deeply interesting chapter of British history, and a scholar who will hold a high place in the esteem and respect of the learned all the world over. While the new lights of statecraft are flashing upon the horizon of a general election fraught with tremendous issues to the country, his lantern burns dimly, his sun is setting, and if 'England to herself prove true,' the popular statesman will have reason to exercise the patience that belongs to age and to philosophy when the last echoes of the present contest reach Hawarden.

### AN IMPROVED SAW

**By Means of Which the Depth of the Cut May be Accurately Gauged.**

This ingenious device has just been patented by a man in Brooklyn. It consists in having the back of a saw detachable, so that it may be moved down the blade to any desired place, thereby gauging the depth of the cut.



AN IMPROVED SAW.

The back is U-shaped to fit both sides of the blade. The free ends of the back portion extend through recesses in the handle and are fastened in place by a thumb-screw. For some kinds of work this arrangement will be found very convenient and useful.

### Disappointed.

First Colonel—What is causing that great concourse of citizens at yonder cornah, sah?

Second Colonel—Majah Bleeds just shot a niggah in the back.

"Oh, is that all? I thought it might be a dog fight.—Indianapolis Journal.

## Our Serial Story.

[Copyright 1895, by the Toledo Blade Co.]

# AN ENEMY'S WORK

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

### CHAPTER VII.

The "grand opening" at Sterne's came off that night. It was voted a "jolly good time" by young men and old onse who attended, and many of them went home with muddled brains and awoke next morning with a headache. And many a woman's heart began to ache that night, and some of those aching hearts never found peace again until the grave closed over them. For a week the "good time" was the principal subject of conversation among the participators in it when they met.

One morning, some days later, Rob Conway was at work in the orchard mowing out the fence corners.

"Good morning," called out someone from the roadside, and Rob looked up.

The speaker was a young man of somewhere near his own age. He was leaning across the fence, fanning himself with a broad-brimmed straw hat.

"Good morning, Will," said Rob, as he finished cutting down a clump of luxuriant thistles. "Pleasant this morning, isn't it?"

"Yes, but uncomfortably warm," said the other, wiping his face vigorously. "I should think you'd find mowing pretty hot work this weather."

"It is," answered Rob, throwing down his scythe and coming up to the fence. "What's going on, anything?"

"Not much," answered the other. "All the excitement I've seen was over a game of cards, a little while ago, down at Sterne's. A couple of fellows got to quarreling, and I thought they were going to fight, but they talked the matter over and treated all around and the matter ended there."

"I thought that something beside the weather made your face so red," laughed Rob. "I haven't been inside Sterne's place since that grand set-up of his. Had a pretty good time, didn't we?"

"I should say we did," said the other. "I didn't get over it for two days. Old Si Holcomb's been there every day since, and two nights he didn't dare go home for fear the old woman 'd make it hot for him. I tell you what it is, Rob, that's going to be a lively place down there. It'll get away with all the money the boys have to spare, and don't you forget it."

"I think it will," laughed Rob.

"Come down to-night, can't you?" urged Russell. "I'll come over if you'll agree to be there, and bring a few of the boys along. What d'ye say?"

"—I don't know," said Rob, hesitatingly, "I don't like to get into the habit of hanging about a saloon. It grows on a fellow so, you know, and I have seen it isn't a very easy habit to break off. I don't think it would be in my case, anyway."

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed Russell. "You've heard your father talk that so much that you take it for granted it's all so. Once in a while and every day are different things. I've an idea you're man enough to drink what's good for you, and then stop. I wasn't aware you were afraid of getting to be a drunkard if you took a little now and then. I don't take any stock in that kind of temperance twaddle. It'll do for total abstinence men who can't drink anything stronger than warm water, and strong-minded women, to get off such talk, but it don't go down with me. How long since you were converted to that belief?"

"Like all weak-willed persons, Rob was not able to stand anything which seemed to imply a lack of self-control. It nettled him to listen to Russell's ironical words.

"None of your chaffing, Will," he said. "Of course I'll be there."

"That's the talk," said Will, heartily. "We know enough to take care of ourselves, I guess we are old enough to, at any rate. I don't believe, any more than your father does, in getting drunk and making a fool of one's self every time the chance comes along. But I'm one of the boys, and I like to have a good time once in awhile. I can't see ,for the life of me, what harm there is in having a lark, now and then. If ther's any one I despise, it's those boys who consider themselves too good to have a jolly good time with other boys. I don't know, though, as they consider themselves too good, but they're afraid to drink, I guess. Pa and ma has told them it's naughty, and they take it for granted that they've got to do just as pa and ma says. I say, let a fellow look out for himself when he gets to be a man. I don't intend to be tied to my mother's apron-strings all the days of my life, or think just as my father does. I can't help feeling sorry for the chap who's afraid a taste of liquor would ruin him for life. I'd be a man."

Then Russell, with this avowal of manly independence, went on, and Rob began mowing again.

"It is strange that the idea has become so prevalent among young men that to be able to smoke, and swear, and drink whisky, and talk slang, is, in some unexplainable way, an indication of manhood. But that it is so, we must believe, if we believe the remarks we hear young men make every day. Not to drink, is to acknowledge, in the estimation of this class, in the plainest terms, that you are not "a man" in the sense they accept the term. There is something lacking in you. You will never be manly till you can swagger up to a bar and say: "Come, boys, let's have something to drink. What'll you take?" You must be able to brag of the amount of whisky you can stand. When you can do that, with an oath put in here and there, in the plainest, most matter-of-fact statements, with occasional expectorations of tobacco-juice by way of punctuation, you have reached a height of manly dignity of which you have a right to be proud. You will be looked upon with deference by your companions. They ought to respect you for your accomplishments. But let me tell you, young man—and I speak of what I know, for I "have been through the mill," strange as it may seem, and contradictory as the statement may be when compared with the assertions of young men you know, regarding the manliness of being able to do these things, no one does respect you for them. No, sir. Not even your companions. If you could know their thoughts, you would see that they consider them indications of weakness on your part rather than strength. But they do these things, and they like to have you do them, on the principle that "misery loves company." If they go deliberately to ruin, they find something comforting in the thought that they are not going alone. But they don't respect you for going to ruin with them. They would respect you more if you would face about, and say you were man enough not to care what they said.

### CHAPTER VIII.

It was a jolly company that gathered at Sterne's that night in the opinions of those present, if their actions illustrated their opinions of jollity. Most of them had come with the determination of "making a night of it," and the determination was fully carried out.

To which "the boys" responded, with clinking glasses, that he was right. Young men would be young men, and you couldn't expect them to be anything else. No, sir. It wasn't natural that they should be.

"What's the use of living if you can't have a good time?" said one young man who just then seemed to imagine that the "good time" he was having was the fruition of earthly bliss.

The remark was greeted with vociferous applause, and a general call for "more drinks."

"That's what's the matter," said John Sterne, as he stood behind the bar, with satisfaction written all over his hard face, filling up the glasses as fast as they were emptied. "I believe in enjoying life as we go along. Who know's what's to come after we've done with this world? Maybe there's another, and maybe there isn't. I say, make sure of a good time here, and let the next life, if there is one, look out for itself. Next time it's my treat, boys," he added, which declaration was productive of cheers for Sterne, and he was straightway voted "a brick," and "worth a dozen such landlords as old Brown."

It seems strange to me that young men always look upon the liquor-seller in the light of a friend who is putting himself to a great deal of trouble to prove his friendship for them, when the truth is he doesn't care a straw for them, only as he succeeds in getting their money. If young men would only stop and think about it and ask themselves why A or B sells liquor he would see how deep the roots of his personal friendship strike. They strike from the pocket and not from the heart. He doesn't care if you go to the bad or not, if he gets what you earn. He is a sort of vampire who has fixed himself upon you. But you persist in counting him as your best friend and benefactor, and you regard him as one who is doing his utmost to oblige you, and who proves his friendship by selling you that which will ultimately prove ruin to soul and body if you don't stop and think. It's a strange way in which to prove friendship, it seems to me, and its strange you can't see that he cares more for the condition of his pocket than he does for your interests. But so it is. You do not see it because you are under the spell of a fatal fascination.

Rob Conway was there that night with the other boys. He had come with the determination of drinking but little, and staying but a short time. He knew that he ought not to be there at all for his own sake, as well as for the sake of the woman he loved, who hated liquor with interest. But he had come, and, being there, he was too weak now, and the many pressing invitations to drink, and before two hours had passed he was too much under the influence of liquor to think anything more about going home.

It was well towards morning when the party broke up. The night had been spent in a wild carousal, which left but two or three of the party sober. Those sober ones took charge of the drunken ones, and volunteered to get them home.

Robert Conway was one of the drunken ones. He could not stand upon his feet alone. He had lost the power of speech. He was as helpless as a child.

They got him as far as the lilac bushes inside the gate, and there they left him to take care of himself, wholly unconscious of what had passed for the last two or three hours.

There Philip found him when morning came, with a feeling of disgust he could not overcome, and a sense of shame when he thought how near he had come to being in a similar condition, mingled with pity for his weak, misguided brother. He lifted him up and got him into the house and to bed before any of the household except Sarah were astir. She met him on the stairs as he was taking Robert to his room.

"Oh, Philip," she cried, "what is the matter? Is Robert hurt?"

Then she took in, at one swift glance into the face from which all traces of the man had vanished, leaving only the semblance of the brute, the disgusting truth.

"Drunk!" she cried, with a shudder of loathing she could not repress. "What will father say?"

"He must not know it," said Philip. "We must keep them apart until Rob gets sober."

Then he got his brother to bed, wishing as he undressed him that John Sterne had never set foot in the once peaceful neighborhood. And more than one wished the same thing that morning as "the boys" came reeling home from their "jolly time."

### CHAPTER IX.

Robert did not wake up from his heavy drunken sleep until nearly noon.

He looked about him, hardly knowing where he was. The last thing he remembered was calling for more whisky across the bar at Sternes's.

He got up at last, and stretched his aching limbs with a sense of sluggishness on mind and body. His brain seemed in a fog.

He was tired out when he had dressed himself, and he had to lay down again to rest for a little time.

"It don't pay," he said, with a feeling of self-disgust.

Then he got up and washed his face and combed his hair. Before this was done, a racking pain was throbbing in his head. He felt sick and very stupid. But he concluded to go down.

Sarah was putting dinner on the table.

She greeted him kindly, but he knew from her face that she was not ignorant of what had taken place. The quiet, sorrowful way in which she looked at him was more expressive than words.

He sat down as one does who is tired out with hard labor.

"I have made you a cup of tea," she said. "I heard you stirring. Perhaps it will do you good. I think you had better eat your dinner now, before father and Philip get back. They have gone to look over the farm. Father doesn't know—what happened last night. We thought it best to keep it from him, for his sake as well as yours."

Robert's face was a hot crimson with shame. He could not meet Sarah's reproachful eyes.

"I've made a fool of myself," he said, after a pause. "I hope father won't find it out; but I suppose he will. I don't believe I'll go near Sterne's again, very soon."

"I wouldn't if I were you," Sarah said, gently. "It isn't a place that you or any one else can get any good out of. For your own sake, first of all, for father's and Dora's, and ours, keep away from it, Robert."

"I'll try," he answered, and for the first time he was in earnest.

"For your own sake, most of all, Robert," she said. "You're in terrible danger. You may not see it, but I can. Any one is in danger who goes there. Do you know what I've been thinking of all the morning? Two lines of a poem have been ringing through my brain every time I thought of that place and those who go there:

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell."

"Oh, Rob, think of what it may lead to, if you trust yourself there, and pass by on the other side."

"I will," he said. "I wish Dora was here. She'd help me."

"I wish so, too," said Sarah. "But it won't be long to wait, for she's coming the first of August, only two weeks, now. But you'd better try to eat some now, for father and Philip will soon be home, and if you've had your dinner and gone off somewhere, father won't suspect any thing. Only don't go down there."

"No, I won't," he answered. "You won't see me at Sterne's to-day."

When Philip and his father came back Robert had gone away somewhere. When he joined them at supper time, save that he looked a trifle pale and tired, he was himself again.

Philip took his brother to task after supper, when they were alone.

"I don't see what you could have been thinking of to get so beastly drunk," he said. "If you couldn't keep from getting so, you ought to have kept away. Letting liquor entirely alone is the safest way for you, I guess."

The difference in our cases is just this," said Robert, looking his brother squarely in the face. "I didn't stop when you did, but took more. The difference was only in degree. I took a good deal more than enough to make me drunk, while you didn't take quite enough."

Philip's face flushed guiltily.

"Perhaps you're right," he said, and turned away. "Temperance talk doesn't come with very good grace from me, I admit."

The truth in his brother's words struck him. Not quite enough, but almost.

John Sterne, the enemy of the Conways, in league with liquor, the enemy of all mankind, had begun his terrible work in earnest, the work of dragging down human souls to ruin, and with them those who loved them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### FISHERMEN'S NETS.

**Most of Them Made by Machine Nowadays—Their Many Uses.**

Most fisherman's nets nowadays are made by machinery, excepting the small round crab nets and dip nets, and bait nets that sportsmen use; these are made by hand, for the machines can not make anything but a straight flat web. Many large circular nets, however, are constructed from machine-made netting, cut up.

Machines have been used generally in net making for about thirty years. Before that nets were knitted in the families of the fishermen. Some fishermen on the Atlantic coast still make their own nets, and on one part of the Pacific coast there is a close union of fishermen using nets made by hand; but factory-made nets have displaced most nets of domestic make. There are six netting factories in the United States, all on the Atlantic coast. Carload lots of nets are not uncommon shipments from this coast to the Pacific, and the same is true of netting twine.

Nets are made of various sizes of thread or twine, in any size mesh desired, and they can be made of any length; but nets of certain kinds are made commonly in certain lengths, and then joined together if greater length be desired. In this way nets have been set in the great lakes in one straight string of eleven miles; nets three or four miles long are not unusual there. Such nets are fished with steamboats.

A pound net, 100 feet in depth, has been set in Lake Superior. It was necessary to splice the poles for it. The average depth of pound nets on the lakes is forty feet; on the Atlantic coast the average depth is 35 feet; leaders are made 15 to 70 rods in length.

In the sounds of North Carolina very long hauling seines are used, some of them about a mile long; they are operated by steamboats. Formerly, hauling seines were used generally. Within the last fifteen years the use of pound nets has increased rapidly. Purse seines are made 200 to 250 fathoms long and perhaps 100 feet deep.

A pound net, complete, costs $200 to $1,200; a purse net, $400 to $800; a lake gill-net outfit, $2,000 to $3,000, although it might not all be used at once time; a shore seine, from $10 to $400. There are other kinds of nets and seines. The life of a net depends on the water it is used in, and circumstances. A heavy pound net might get thrashed out in a season; some nets and seines last three or four years or longer.

Nets are made for various uses other than for fishing. They are made for use on horses, in laundries to hold collars and cuffs, for decorative purposes, for lawn tennis, and all sorts of backstops, for banners and for hammocks, for poultry yards, and for fruit trees and strawberry beds. Some bird traps are made with nets. There are steamboat nets, which, however, are not knotted, but sized.—New York Sun.

### MAHON'S RIDE.

**A Lawsuit of War Times That Has Never Been Ended.**

Before I close this desultory account of horses impressed, captured or stolen, I must tell a horse story of Lee's invasion of 1863 that ought to be historic, but that I believe has never appeared in print. Congressman Mahon, who will probably prove the only sincere advocate of the "border claims" in the next Congress, is the hero of this tale.

Mahon always had an eye to a good horse and so it is not surprising that an animal belonging to Gen. Jenkins' cavalry brigade should have taken his particular fancy. As the borough of Chambersburg was then in possession of the enemy, most other men would have been content to admire, without a thought of ownership, notwithstanding the horse was riderless for the moment and without an immediate attendant. With Mahon to admire was to act and so he sprang into the saddle and rode away. He was pursued, but escaped, and still had possession of the horse after the last "reb" had gone back to "Dixie."

But somehow the town fathers of dear old Chambersburg imagined that the borough owned that horse, and, as attorney for the town, I was instructed to sue Mahon for the value of the animal. I accordingly brought an action on the case, and filed my "narrate," while Mahon made answer by a most formidable array of counsel. All this happened in October, 1863, but the case has never been tried. It ought to be. Mahon will consent to waive all formalities, or rather informalities, so that we can get the case before Judge Stewart and a jury.

I believe I will go back and try it. What a Rip Van Winkle proceeding it would be! I don't suppose I could win, for I never believed the old town had any more claim to the horse than I have to the moon, but of the defense was willing and the court gave us plenty of scope we would carry out a new chapter in history, and Mahon's ride would become as famous as Sheridan's. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Shinto and Jewish Rites Similar.

You can see many similarities between the shinto and the ancient Jewish rites. The shintos regulate the diet have feasts and fast days and purification offerings, and some of their regulations are similar to those found in the book of Leviticus. They also have an ark, a hollest of holies and tablets of stone.—Chicago Record.

### FOX FARMING IN ALASKA.

**A Successful Experiment on the Semedies Group of Islands.**

Fox farming in Alaska, which has assumed immense proportions, was originated by a Pittsburger. In 1879 George Wardman was traveling about the coast in the steamer Rush. He saw a valuable black fox skin sold for $200, and conceived the notion that farming the fox would be profitable. He got Preach Taylor, Thomas E. Morgan and James C. Redpath interested and a company was formed. The gentlemen are agents of the Alaska Commercial Company at St. George.

Morgan suggested as a place for the experiment the Semedies group of seventy rocky islets, sixty miles west of Kodiak, which produced nothing but sea birds and sea lions and are uninhabited. At the seal islands of the Pribylof group the Alaska Commercial Company catch from 1,500 to 1,600 blue foxes each winter. The black foxes are scarce, while the blue fox is not nearly so valuable.

During the winter of 1880 arrangements were made with Kodiak natives to get some black fox cubs. He secured half a dozen, and while he was away on business the natives killed the cubs by kindness and by overfeeding them. No more of the cubs could be found, and no further effort to carry out the scheme was made until the summer of 1884, when about twenty blue fox cubs were caught. They were taken in a steamer to Unalaska, and thence in a chartered schooner with a quantity of seal meat to the Semedies Islands, where they were released. The islands are inaccessible except in calm weather

# Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

**Railway Mail Service.**

L. H. V., Bristol, Ind.: We have stated in the Bureau, time and again, the course of procedure for any one desiring to enter the classified civil service, whether the railway mail service, a clerkship in a department or any other position therein. Here it is again: Write a letter to "Hon. John T. Doyle, Secretary Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C." Tell him what branch of the service you wish to enter, and ask him when the next civil service examination therefor will be held in your part of the country. You will receive a circular, giving the time and place, and all necessary information.

**To Get a Copyright.**

C. E. J., Camden, Mo., asks: "How shall I proceed to get a song or other piece of music copyrighted? And what will be the cost?"

Make a printed copy, if possible, of the title, or else a neat typewritten copy, on a sheet the size of an ordinary book page. This applies to applications for copyright on a book, map, chart, dramatic or musical composition, engraving, cut, print, photograph or chromo.

Th printed title may be a copy of the title page of such publications as have title-pages. In other cases, the title must be printed expressly for copyright entry, with the name of the claimant of copyright. Typewritten print will be accepted, but it must be on a sheet of paper not smaller than commercial note.

Inclose the title in a letter, with $1. Address the letter to "Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C." Of this, 50 cents is for recording the copyright, and 50 cents for a copy of the certificate of copyright.

Not later than the day of publication in this country or abroad, two complete copies of the publication must be mailed to the Librarian of Congress. When they are received, the certificate of copyright will be sent you, and not before.

**Free Silver.**

J. M. B., Duncan's Bridge, Mo., writes: "Free silver men assert that we have had free coinage of silver for 100 years, and as it has not ruined us, why not continue it? Is there any truth in this? Have we free coinage of silver now, or did we ever have it, and when and how long?"

It seems pretty hard, after having discussed this subject fully and exhaustively in our columns all summer, especially in our review of "Coin's Financial School," to be asked to do it all over again. Here it is, briefly:

The coinage law of 1792 provided for bimetallic coinage, free coinage of both metals, and both dollars of equal debt-paying power.

But after about 1804, the silver dollar got to be worth less than the gold dollar, because the price of silver declined. So all our gold coin was either used in the arts, or was exported abroad, leaving us only the silver.

Congress tried to correct this in 1834, by changing the ratio to 16 to 1. But this made the gold dollar a little cheaper than the silver dollar; so our silver dollars were exported as fast as they were coined, leaving us only the gold.

That is to say, the cheaper dollar always remains in circulation, and the dearer one goes out of circulation, being sold as bullion. The law is powerless to prevent this. It can no more make gold and silver circulate side by side at a fixed ratio than it can make a certain number of bushels of corn and a certain number of bushels of wheat always be equal in market value.

In 1873 Congress got tired of trying to do the impossible, and fixed gold as the standard metal. That is all there is to it. We have no free coinage of silver now, and have not had for 22 years. For the real reasons of the decline in silver, see Hon. David A. Wells's paper on that subject on 5th page of Weekly Blade of Sept. 12.

**The "Sabbath."**

M. J. P., Guinda, Cal., asks: "Please tell me when, where, by whom, and for what purpose was the Sabbath changed from the seventh to the first day of the week."

The "Sabbath" was never changed from Saturday to Sunday at any time, at any place, by any one, for any purpose. The Sabbath is a Jewish holy day. Sunday is the Christian festival of the resurrection of the Lord. Sunday is not the Sabbath, though a very great many very good people think so.

**Half Votes.**

J. W. R., Manhattan, Kan., asks: "How is a half vote made in a convention? For example, in the Iowa Democratic convention, 65½ votes for honest money and 420½ votes for free silver. How is the half vote determined?"

A half vote may occur in several ways. There may be a contesting delegation from some county, and the convention, to settle the muddle, seats both delegations, giving to each delegate a half vote. Or, a delegation may not be full, and the credentials may be empowered to cast the full vote to which the delegation is entitled. Suppose the county were entitled to 12 delegates, and consequently to 24 votes, and but 8 delegates were present. Then each delegate would have 1½ votes. These are the most common ways in which half votes occur.

**To Get a Patent.**

C. A. S., Seafield, Ind., asks: "Would it be necessary to employ an attorney to get a patent? If not, how would a person proceed to get a patent?"

While you can get a patent without employing an attorney, it is, in the long run, better to do so; for it prevents long delays and much vexation.

An application for a patent must be made to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. The applicant must file a written description of the invention, and of the manner of making, constructing and using it, in such full, clear, concise and exact terms as would enable any one skilled in the art or science to which it appertains, to make and use it. In case of a machine, he must explain the principle, and the best mode in which he contemplates applying that principle; and particularly point out and distinctly claim the part, improvement or combination which he claims as his invention or discovery. This specification and claim must be signed by the inventor and attested by two witnesses.

When the invention admits of drawings, the applicant must furnish a drawing of the required size, signed and attested, to be filed in the Patent office. If required by the Commissioner, he shall furnish a model of convenient size to exhibit the parts of his invention.

The applicant must make oath that he believes himself to be the original and first inventor or discoverer of that on which he seeks a patent, that he does not know and does not believe the same was ever before known or used, and shall state of what country he is a citizen.

The fees must be paid in advance, and are: On filing the original application for a patent, $15; on issuing the patent, $20.

**The Credit Mobilier.**

H. E. R., Mitchell, Neb., asks: "Please explain the Credit Mobilier."

The Credit Mobilier was the name of a company formed to construct the Union Pacific railway. In August, 1867, this company, through Oakes Ames, contracted with the Union Pacific company to construct 667 miles of road for $47,000,000. This would have been so profitable that the Credit Mobilier stock would be worth from 200 to 400 per cent. Ames, fearing legislation adverse to the Union Pacific, sold Credit Mobilier stock at par to various members of the House of Representatives, merely stating that it was a good investment, and could not embarrass the members, as the Union Pacific had all the legislation it desired. This was really a shrewd mode of indirect bribery. Charges were preferred, the House made an investigation, Ames and Representative Brooks were censured, and the whole affair ended in a lot of political gabble.

**Curvature of the Earth.**

H. E. R., Mitchell, Neb., asks: "In surveying a canal, as irrigation ditch, why must allowance be made for the curvature of the earth?"

In order that the water may flow through it. The surface of water is always curved to correspond with the earth's curve. If the bottom of the canal or ditch were not curved, the water would not flow through it.

**Rare Coins.**

M. M. B., Dallas, Tex.: The gold coin of which you send a rubbing is a $10 piece of 1800. It is valued at $10.25 by dealers.

R. J., Union Grove, N. Y.: We are not informed as to the premiums on French coins.

J. H. E., Union City, Tenn.: The half-dollar of 1830 bears no premium.

**Poem Wanted.**

Will some reader kindly mail to the editor of the Question Bureau a copy of a poem entitled "My Cat and I," printed in The Blade several months ago?

**Tonnage Displacement.**

H. C. C., Enid, Okla.: The tonnage displacement is the weight of water displaced by a vessel. If an object displaces an amount of water weighing more than it weighs, it floats; if it displaces less, it sinks. A vessel sinks into the water until it displaces an amount of water equal to its own weight, so the tonnage displacement is the actual weight of the vessel. You will notice that the tonnage displacement of war vessels is given, and the registered tonnage of merchant vessels. This is because the carrying capacity of merchant vessels gives their size, while, as war ships have no carrying capacity to speak of, their size must be determined from their weight.

**National Banks.**

J. G. G., Murfreesboro, Tenn., asks: "If a national bank buys $100,000 worth of government bonds and deposits those bonds with the United States treasurer to secure an issue of $90,000 bank notes by the bank, and those bank notes being printed by the government, will the bank draw interest on the full value of the bonds deposited or on the amount after deducting the value of the bank notes issued? What is the value of the bank notes now issued to the banks for circulation? How much interest does Uncle Sam pay the bankers annually on such deposits?"

The bank draws interest on the full amount of the bonds deposited. The amount of national bank notes in circulation June 1, 1895, was $206,579,490. According to the last report of the comptroller of the currency the amount of bonds deposited was $229,492,850. The average interest is about 4½ per cent. But as an offset to this must be reckoned the tax on circulation paid by the banks to the government, amounting to 1 per cent.

**Government Ownership.**

A. B. A., Granville, O., asks: "What is the chief objection to the ownership and operation of the railroads of the United States by the national government?"

The principal objection is that such ownership and operation of the railroads would go far toward the control of all industry by the government, which means by such men and under such methods as are now found in office. It would greatly increase the power of politicians and diminish the independence of the rest of the people. The party in office would always be much stronger than the "ins" are under the existing order of things, and the opportunities for scheming and corruption which would be injurious and unfair to the rest of the population of the republic would be terribly numerous. The chances are that the cost of operating the railroads would be much increased, if the service rendered to the people were as good as it is under private ownership and control. Wages would be higher and work easy on the railroads, and the rest of the men and women in the country would have to foot the bills in one way or another. The impulse given to the movement of state socialism by the sight of a million men in snug places working for the government would be very dangerous to individual rights and freedom, and therefore the acquisition of the railways by the government would tend to discourage enterprise in all other fields and to smother business. It would be felt that no investment could be made with certainty of safety, and the sense of great changes and perilous experiments impending would be very hard for all classes to bear.

**Miscellaneous.**

R. J. S., Wilson, La.: The best course is to put the case into the hands of a good pension attorney.

S. B., Strabane, Pa.: "King Robert of Sicily" is a poem in Longfellow's "Tales from a Wayside Inn," and written by himself.

C. H. S., Cliquot, Mo.: Your question has been handed the editor of the Farmstead, where it belongs. Watch that department for reply.

H. M. A., Cornsville, Va.: A base runner is always declared out if he leaves the direct line between bases, and the umpire sees him.

F. E. W., Nile, N. Y.: John Brown is buried at North Elba, N. Y. We think he was buried first at Charlestown, Va., where he was executed.

R. S., Lake Linden, Mich., wishes to know "how to clean copper and silver specimens." We presume he means of ore. Will some mineralogist kindly answer?

C. S. P., who forgot to send her post-office address, asks in what year "St. Augusta (?) church in Philadelphia was destroyed by a mob." Who will give the date?

## THE STORY OF ILFE.

SIX AGES.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born;
A helpless babe to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn
Foretold a cloudy noon and night;
To weep, to sleep and weep again,
With sunny smiles between—and then?

And then apace the infant grows
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy despite his little woes,

A HELPLESS BABE TO GREET THE LIGHT,
TO DROP INTO HIS GRAVE—AND THEN?

Were he but conscious of his joy!
To be, in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody child—and then?

And then in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the Decalogue,
And breaking it, an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog;
A truant oft by field and fen,
And capture butterflies—and then?

And then, increased in strength and size,
To be, anon, a youth full grown;
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sin—and then?

And then, at last, to be a man,
To fall in love, to woo and wed!
With seething brain to scheme and plan
To gather gold or toil for bread;
To sue for fame, with tongue and pen,
And gain or lose the prize—and then?

And then in gray and wrinkled old
To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scenes our youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of lang syne;
To dream awhile with darkened Ken,
To drop into his grave—and then?
—John G. Saxe.

**Author on the Bench.**

Robert Grant, whom the book-reading public knows as a clever author, but who is known in Boston as a probate judge as well, is a hard-working lawyer on the shady side of forty, but apparently younger. His pen and his bicycle consume almost equally his intervals of leisure. When he was nominated for judge his novels were alleged against his fitness for the place and it may be that he took the objection to heart, for his later writings are in a somewhat more serious vein.—Leslie's Weekly.

**What, the Horse?**

Wiping the horse out as an active power of civilization was bad enough, but cutting him and canning him for beef! This is tough.—Philadelphia Times.


The Magic Touch
OF
Hood's Sarsaparilla

You smile at the idea
But if you suffer from

Dyspepsia

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

"That Just Hits It!"

"That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep, and in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills. 25c.


## THE BLUES.

**Why do Women have the Blues more than Men?**

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Are not women naturally as light-hearted, brave, and hopeful as men?

Yes; but woman's organism is different from man's.

Women in perfect or good health are rarely victims of this symptom.

Women nearly monopolize the blues, because their peculiar ailments promote them.

When the female organs fail to perform their functions properly, when the dreaded female complaints appear, there is shown nervousness, sleeplessness, faintness, backache, headache, bearing-down pains, etc., causing the dreaded "let-me-alone" and "all-gone" feelings.

When the woman does not understand what the matter is, and her doctor can not or will not tell her, she grows morose and melancholy; that's the blues.

Mrs. Newton Cobb, of Manchester, O., says: "*Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound will correct all this trouble. I cannot praise it enough. I am pleased to tell every one that it cured me; and if it will cure me, why not others? I am sure my case was severe enough." It will. Get it of your druggist at once.

## RECENT LITERATURE.

**Latest Volumes to be Found on The Blade Book Table.**

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

My Lady Nobody which is published by Harper & Bros., New York, in book form after running as a serial through the Bazar, is a story by Maarten Maartens, the popular Dutch novelist. It is charmingly written, the incidents which follow each other in quick succession being such as grow naturally from the conditions. The characters are Dutch with one or two exceptions and show in delicate but vivid colorings. There is a realism about them which carries the interest and sympathy of readers through to the end. M. Maartens is deservedly popular in this country.

Needham's Elementary Lessons in Zoology is published by the American Book company, Cincinnati. This book is designed to be a reliable guide to the elementary study of zoology. It has been prepared to meet a want which the author and many fellow-teachers of zoology in secondary schools have felt for a guide to the elementary study of the lives as well as the structure of animals. It has already had the practical test of the schoolroom, and its method has met with repeated and pronounced success.

Across India, or Live Boys in the Far East, by Oliver Optic. In this volume, which is the first of the third series of the "All-Over-the-World" Library, Oliver Optic takes the Belgrave family, in their steamer, the "Guardian Mother," sailing to Bombay and Surah. At the latter place the party leave the steamer and continue their voyage by rail to Lahore, Delhi, Cawnpoor, Lucknow, and Benares, visiting the scenes of the Sepoy Rebellion, as well as many other interesting places.

The Boy Soldiers of 1812, by Everett T. Tomlinson is the second volume in the "War of 1812 Series." In "The Search for Andrew Ellicott," Dr. Tomlinson brought the story to the actual commencement of hostilities, and, although that volume contained much adventure, The Boy Soldiers of 1812 will take them into much more stirring scenes. The scene is laid on and about Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence river. The history and traditions of this section of our country furnish abundant material which has never been used, and which the author works into the story with great effect. Young people will like this story, which is brought out by Lee and Shepard, Boston.

The Watch Fires of '76, by Samuel Adams, author of Our Colonial Homes, Decisive Events in American History, is the story of the revolution as told by the hitherto unconsidered rank and file—the men who in fact bore the brunt of that tremendous conflict. Here a choice coterie of aged revolutionary pensioners meet around the fireside of a country inn, each giving his individual experiences in camp, field, and the most unconstrained way. Each of the old heroes tells the story of the important events and stirring adventures in which he was an actor, in his own language, giving the details as they fell under his observation. The volume is also from the press of Lee & Shepard.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, publish Jimmy Boy, by Sophie May, a companion to "Wee Lucy," in a series entitled "Little Prudy's Children." This is a fitting story to follow the one which was so popular last season. The development of Jimmie's character, bit by bit, is very amusing, yet full of meaning, and the experiences of Jimmy Boy and Wee Lucy will prove as fascinating to the little folks as those of any of their predecessors. The author retains all the freshness and charm which characterized her earlier work.

The Academic French Course, by Antoine Muzzarilli, is arranged in accordance with the latest grammatical rules adopted by the French Academy. It has been prepared especially to meet the wants of English speaking pupils. Its particular aims are simplicity of grammatical treatment and the attainment of good pronunciation by the student. A distinctive feature is a conversational narrative of a Trip to Paris, in which the terms in daily Parisian use add to the learner's vocabulary. Published by the American Book company, Cincinnati.

First Year in French, by L. C. Syms, is also brought out by American News Co., Cincinnati. This book is intended for the use of children beginning the study of French. In its preparation the author has aimed to ally two contending systems of teaching languages, one of which is known as the natural or conversational method, the other as the translation method, with the regular teaching of grammar. The first ten lessons are object lessons, the vocabularies of which contain only names of objects found under the eyes of children, in any schoolroom, or easily at hand. At the end of the book are given French-English and English-French vocabularies, which contain the words and all the idiomatic expressions used in the texts.

Another educational work from the same house is Keller's Bilder aus der Deutschen Litteratur, by Dr. L. Keller, professor of German in the Normal College, New York. In this work the author has sucessfully solved the problem of providing a simple and attractive introduction to the formal study of German literature. Some twenty epochs of German literature have been selected, and in each the principal works are described and a resume of their contents given, which, in most cases, is followed by direct quotations from the work. While making no pretensions to exhaustiveness, it will enable even a young student to gain a comprehensive and intelligent idea of the masterpieces of the language.

In the series of Eclectic School Readings put out by the American Book company, Cincinnati, comes Stories for Children, which is very attractive as to matter, illustrations and bindings; Old Greek Stories, by James Baldwin, in the Third Reader grade equally well prepared; and Fairy Stories and Fables, by the same author. The latter is for the Second Reader grade, while the first mentioned is for those of the first grade.

**Where Women Lead in Scholarship.**

Twenty years' record of coeducation at Cornell university show that the women lead in scholarship. They have a higher record throughout the four years' course than the men; more women than men received the highest record for scholarship, and, with the exception of oratory, women took more than their proportional share of honor and prizes.

**An Ambitious Woman.**

"Bliggin's wife is quite a linguist."

"Yes. She's highly accomplished, and she's never content. She is always trying to get beyond what she has already done."

"What has she undertaken now?"

"She's learning the language in which base ball is described in the newspapers."—Washington Star.

**The Way With More.**

When we get one touch of a torrid wave,
We howl and kick at the horrid heat;
And when old Boreas blows a blast,
The things we say aren't fit to repeat.

## BRITISH "PUBLICS."

**SOMETHING ABOUT LONDON PLACES FOR DRINKING.**

**The British Barmaid and the Scene of Her Daily Labors.**

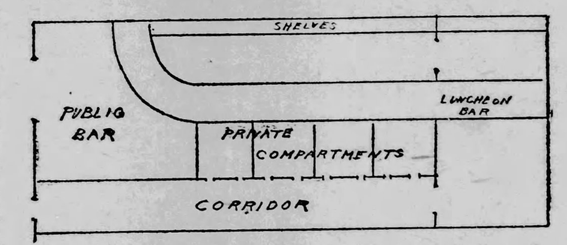
What Americans call a "saloon" the Londoners call a "public house," or "pub" for short.

The better class "pub" is not as magnificent and showy as a fancy American bar, but the drinking places, taken altogether, will average up with the American saloon in mat-

SHE LIKES A DROP OF BITTERS.

ters of cleanliness and behavior. In many of them, where barmaids are employed, profanity and improper language are never tolerated, and the buxom young women who pump the stout and "bitter" are safe from insults or attempted familiarities. In the cheaper places, especially in the east end, there is plenty of drunkenness and disorder, says the Chicago Record.

The typical "pub" is a small place with a gloomy interior.




PLAN OF A BETTER-CLASS LONDON "PUB."

Instead of the long bar, the ice-box and the lunch-table of the American drinking place, there is a short bar with box-like compartments along the front of it, several shelves full of bottles and an entire absence of ice-box and lunch-table.

Ice is a rarity in public houses and the free-lunch annex is absolutely unknown.

The front of the bar is easy of access from the street and there is seldom any screen or blind.

This front compartment is usually very small, but there are chairs or benches where the patrons may rest themselves while they sip the lukewarm and heavy beverages.

Such a compartment is called a "public bar," while the compartments each accommodating three or four persons are the "private bar." The Englishmen carry their habits of seclusion even into tippling.

One man may be drinking his brandy and soda within three feet of another man and yet they are completely shielded from one another and each is secure in his privacy.

PRIVACY IN THEIR TIPPLING.

The passageway along the compartments usually opens upon the street through a different doorway than the one leading to the public bar.

Many of the public houses and restaurants within the business region of London have "luncheon bars" where a customer may, upon payment of 6 pence or 8 pence, get a small portion of chop or roast meat with bread and vegetables served to him. Such a repast is known as a "snack," and is about what an enterprising place in America would give as a free lunch.

The customers stand along the "luncheon bar" while partaking of their "snacks" and beer. Nearly every public house sells something cold, on the order of meat pies, sausages and cheese.

"Beer" in London means ale, and what Americans call beer is known as "lager."

The lager has lately increased in popularity to such an extent that a few large German beer halls have become a necessity and the German beer is on sale everywhere.

By the way, beer is making the same headway all over Europe. It is becoming as popular in Rome as it is in Milwaukee, and the Boulevardier of Paris drinks "bock" instead of absinthe.

In London bitter beer, pale ale, stout or half-and-half costs from 3 to 6 cents a glass. Scotch or Irish whisky costs from 4 to 12 cents a drink, but the charge for brandy or whisky with a small bottle of soda is seldom in excess of 12 cents.

The mixed drink is practically unknown.

In the east end men and women drink gin and some have a fondness for rum.

Although the Englishman likes heavy and strong drinks he very seldom partakes of "raw spirits," and the American practice of pouring down large quantities of undiluted whisky is held in abhorrence in England, Germany and France.

The east end of London is not as desperately wicked as some regions of our great American cities, but it is more sodden, because of the drunkenness among women.

An American hardened to the wretchedness and depravity in his own country experiences a surprise and a shock when he sees hundreds of frowsy, besotted women loitering around the public houses, getting their drinks over the bar and adding their noisy cackle to the hoarse, growling controversies of the men.

These women are of a class which, fortunately, is almost unknown in America.

They are married and have homes and children, and perhaps most of them are not really bad women in the common acceptation of that term, but they are slaves of the drink habit.

Very frequently in the police courts there are cases in which sober, hard-working husbands appear to plead for the wives who have been arrested for disorderly drunkenness.

Oftener the husband is in the dock, having assisted in the debauch.

These women are slatterns.

They are soiled, greasy, red-faced and unkempt.

Some become talkative and quarrelsome under the influence of mixed ale or gin.

Others become tearfully sentimental.

None become any more attractive.

There are many women who drink at public houses and never become drunkards. One of the sights to which the visitor cannot become accustomed is that of a staid and cleanly old English lady attired in stiff black and wearing a bonnet of the Mrs. Gamp pattern, standing at the bar of the "pub" calmly drinking her mug of bitter.

## THE HOUSEWIFE.

**Some Seasonable Dishes That Can Be Made With Grapes and Apples.**

Ripe Grape Catsup—Five pounds grapes, one pound of sugar, one pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful of pepper, one half table spoon of salt, one tea spoon each of allspice, cloves, cinnamon. Cover the grapes with water, cook ten minutes, then rub through a sieve so as to remove skin and seeds. Add the ingredients and boil 20 minutes, or till a little thicker than cream. Bottle.

Apple Marmalade—Wash your apples, quarter them and cut the cores out. Put on to cook with water to cover them. Cook till soft and pour into a cheese cloth bag. Let drain through but do not squeeze. To every quart of juice use one pint of granulated sugar, boil 15 minutes.

The pulp of the apples may be used by pressing through a sieve. Add one cup of sugar and the juice of a lemon to each quart of pulp; if it is too thick to cook add a little water. Boil for 30 minutes, stirring constantly. Put in small crocks or bowls. It makes a nice spread for the little ones' bread.

Green Grape Jelly—Wash one gallon of green grapes. Cover them with water and cook till you can mash them pour into your jelly bag and strain. To each pint of juice add one pint of granulated sugar, boil 10 minutes, very fast, and it is ready to pour into glasses.

**HOW WE GET SUNBURNED.**

**The Process by Which the Sun Tans the Skin.**

The stimulus of the sun's direct rays and that arising from the friction of the fresh air causes increased activity in the capillaries supplying the surface with blood. When this stimulus is continued for any considerable time these vessels become gorged, and minute portions of the blood force their way into the layer immediately below the epidermis, or outer skin. It is the presence of the red corpuscles of blood which gives the ruddy flesh tint seen through the outer skin. At the same time the sweat glands, and oil glands, whose function it is to lubricate the surface and keep it moist and cool, become exhausted by over stimulus; the outer skin gets hard and dry; and soon begins to peel off; in the familiar way, taking the minute particles of extravasated blood along with it. Direct sunlight also has a blanching effect upon the actual coloring pigments of the skin, but this action is distinct from actual tanning, and manifests itself in the form of freckles. The permanent bronze or ruddiness of complexion seen in sailors and travelers in hot countries is the result of a long continued combination of the two processes.

**CHAMPION PREVARICATOR.**

**He Tells a Story of a Dog and a Canary.**

People who keep song birds frequently open the cage door to let the cheerful musicians fly about the room for the sake of change and exercise. It is a practice which is attended with risk, and many a bird has lost its life in this way by flying into the fire or being seized by the domestic puss. T. P. Hounam, of Station st., Middlesbrough, opened the cage door yesterday, and his valuable Lizard canary flew out of the house door. It reached the back yard of Tate's eating house, where a large Newfoundland dog is kept. The dog opened its jaws wide, and the canary flew straight into them, and its fate was apparently sealed, for his jaws closed, and doggie licked his lips as if to retaste the delicacy. Immediately, however, the big dog was troubled, and vomiting the canary, the bird was rescued and taken to its owner, under whose care it was restored. It was warbling briskly this morning, when several persons went to see the fluffy little singer who had such a narrow escape.—North-Eastern Daily Gazette.

**"Annie Laurie."**

The secret history of "Annie Laurie" is an illustration of the sarcasm of fate. Annie Laurie was no myth, but a young Scotch girl of noble descent, being the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, the founder of a Scottish line of brave men and fair women. Annie was one of four daughters, all good looking, but Annie especially so, her wit and beauty attracting suitors from far and wide. There was nothing extraordinary about this fact; there have been many such women, unknown to fame, but among the gentlemen who visited her father's house and sought the honor of an alliance with the family was a Mr. Douglas, of Fingland, whose affection amounted to infatuation. Under the influence of the tender passion the mind even of an ordinary person, sometimes develops unexpected abilities, and so it was with Mr. Douglas, who, though he had never before shown poetic gifts, waxed eloquent, and one day produced the song which has gone round the English-speaking world. It was duly presented in proof of his affections, but whether the lady was a poor judge of poetry, or whether her heart had already been elsewhere bestowed, does not appear nor matter much now; the only thing certainly known being the fact that the poem did not secure the result intended. Poetic justice would seem to require that the lady should have been overcome by the charms of the song and at once surrendered her young heart into the guardianship of the poet. She did nothing of the kind, for, even if she was engaged to him, as one line of the song intimates, she broke the engagement and married a gentleman named Ferguson, known to fame only as the husband of Annie Laurie. Who married Mr. Douglas, if he married at all, is not matter of definite record, the fact that he did not marry the lady for whom he expressed a poetic willingness to lay him down and die being the most conspicuous feature of the whole incident.

**Her Logic.**

The old lady Methodist always stood up for her church. She had just heard of the appointment of an Episcopal chaplain at the penitentiary, when she exclaimed indignantly: "They ought to have a Methodist chaplain—there are more Methodist convicts in the penitentiary than any other denomination, I know."—Judge.

## COMING FASHIONS FOR MEN.

**FALL AND WINTER STYLES QUIET BUT ARTISTIC.**

**They are in Marked Contrast With Those of a Year Ago.**

In describing the latest phases of sartorial innovation to a Brooklyn Eagle representative, Mr. John J. Mitchell, of the Sartorial Art Journal, an eminent authority, said:

"The materials that will be the most generally used are blues, browns and brown-green mixtures. Grays will be much less popular than they were last season, but mixtures and fancy designs in stripes, checks and plaids will be more generally worn than for

THE SACK COAT.

many years. Fancy vestings will continue in favor, but will be less frequently used than for some time, and trouserings will generally be in stripes, ranging from fine to the bold and broad.

"The time may come when the Chesterfield or fly front overcoat will cease to be a leading favorite. Before it vanishes into disuse, however, it is likely that most of us will be twanging golden harps in one place or longing for icebergs in another. Many fabrics will be used in its production this season, chief of which will be moderately rough mixtures in lambs' wools, cheviots, worsteds and worsted vicunas in browns and mixtures, botany cloths in drabs and browns, Scotch vicunas, wool fabrics, serseys, venetians and meltons; and for winter wear only beavers, fur beavers and other soft and thick fabrics. It will be cut shapely in the back, though not close fitting, and sprung well out over the hips. The average length will range from 40 to 41 inches, while the shoulders will be of natural width, with an squared an effect as possible without padding. The side seams will commence well under the arm and the back, which will have a vented center seam, will be quite wide from the waist down. The collar, which will be longer than last season, will have a roll of from 6 to 7 inches in length from the notch. The collar will be self covered for light weight and of velvet for heavy weight goods. The edges will be single stitched with silk

THIS YEAR'S CUTAWAY.

extending to the edge, and the sleeve finish of a plain vent or one closed with one or two buttons. The pockets will have in or out flaps, while the seams will be plain, cord welted, or lapped and stitched according to taste and to suit the cloth, and the shoulders and breasts will in all cases be made as soft and thin as possible, so that the fronts will roll free when thrown open. Next in favor to the Chesterfield, but at a long distance, will be covert, which will be worn chiefly by young men. It will be made, of course, from the cloth bearing its name, and will be only long enough to cover a sack or a short business cutaway frock. In style it will be a half box in the back and so fall nearly straight from the shoulders with a

THE LATEST OVERCOAT.

liberal bottom fullness. The back will generally be cut whole, with but little curve in the side seams, which will be vented. The collar, which is cut long, will have a roll of from 5 to 6 inches for the lapel and a trifle more for the collar. The roll will be self-faced and the collar self covered and all the corners will be slightly rounded away, while the edges will be double stitched from 5-8 to 3-4 inch wide, and the seams strapped and stitched to match. All the pockets will have in or out flaps. The fly stitching will extend to the bottom, and the sleeves will have bottom stitching or one closed with one button only.

"The evening dress coat for the incoming season will be shorter and have a more clearly defined skirt bottom than it had last year, and the peaked lapel style will have a much longer collar. The materials chiefly used are the same as heretofore, the most popular being in fine, clear cut, plain twill, raised uncressed twill, dress broad cloth finish, and cork-screw worsteds, dress crepes, vicunas and thibets, almost invariably in black; but in addition to the suit, a white vest of silk or marseilles will usually be ordered.

"The Tuxedo, or dress sack, is complementary to the dress suit, and is much worn at men's receptions when full dress is permissible, but not imperative, and as a semi negligé coat when the rest of the costume is correct for evening dress. It is a shapely sack, averaging thirty inches in length, and has an all silk roll either of the shawl form or with a peaked lapel effect.

"For day and half dress double breasted and frock suits will be in vogue. The materials chiefly used will be lambs wool, worsteds, cheviots and vicauns for the coat and vest and modestly striped woolens or worsteds for the trousers; while for genteel business worsteds and cheviots in shades of black, blue and brown and in mixtures and herring bone effects for the full suit; or, for the coat and vest only and moderately wide or very wide striped or fancy checked or plaided woolens, worsteds or cassimeres for the trousers. A single or double breasted vest of a modest fancy vesting will frequently be worn with this suit.

"The same material will be used for cutaway suits as for double breasted frocks for day dress and genteel business wear, but for the latter fancy suitings of quiet design will be popular, while for general business worsteds, cheviots, homespuns, tweeds, blarneys, etc., in fine, medium and

EVENING DRESS.

pronounced stripes, checks, plaids and mixtures will be more used than for many years. The three button cutaway will be as popular for genteel business wear as ever before, but for day dress it is losing caste, as it is neither so elegant in appearance nor so costly as the double breasted frock. It will be technically half and half in length, except for general business wear, when the material is a fancy suiting."

**CHARACTER IN CANES.**

**What to Do and What Not to Do With Them.**

"You know," said a discerning gentleman yesterday, "it used to be said that a man who carried a cane every day was an idler, a dawdler—worthless for all practical purposes.

"If you let me see how a fellow handles a cane, I'll tell you whether he is worthless or not. It's not the fact of carrying a cane, but how it is carried, that the significance lies.

"When a man comes into my office with a cane in his hand, watch him closely. If he sits and twirls it idly and aimlessly about on his fingers he is a worthless idler. But if he walks in, puts it up against the wall and proceeds to business, there is something in him. You may hope for him. If he holds it firmly while he is talking to you and does not swirl it about, he's all right. The fellow who, while he talks, cane, swings it around, marks figures on the carpet with it, punches the furniture with the tip, isn't fit for much else.

"Yes, a decent, hard-working straightforward fellow can carry a cane all the time, and they do so, many of them, and the act does not indicate that they are idlers. But the fellow who goes around swinging the cane and playing with it is a nuisance anywhere you put him."

—Druggists say that their sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla exceed those of all others. There is no substitute for Hood's.

**The Old, Old Trick.**

It appears that when a good trick has been done to death in London it goes to Paris. The last to pass the channel has been the good old "Spanish treasure" trick. Recently an individual of respectable appearance was observed carefully counting the trees in a sidewalk of the wood of Vincennes. When he had counted to the sixth tree on the right he stealthily drew a bayonet and commenced prodding the soil. Then somebody turned up with a pickaxe, and somebody else with a spade. Then the soil turned up, and finally the police.

Mutual explanations ensued, with the result that the diggers got to understand that they had been individually hoaxed by the Senor Don Arturo de Guzman, ex-regimental paymaster, who had bolted with the regimental chest, containing £32,400 exactly, and had interred it under that tree. Languishing as he was, and as he knew, in Barcelona jail he was fain, with a view to the amelioration of the prison menu, to dispose of his secret for £20 postal order, though occasionally the amount had been required to defray the traveling charges of his only daughter, the lovely Enriqueta, who would be sure to bring the key. The train the lovely Enriqueta never came by had been met as often as the six trees had been counted. On the whole, it was thought well to set a trap at Perpignan, and for the next five years the treasure trick is to let.

**Katie's Question.**

"Mamma, what day is this?"

"This is Friday, dear."

"Where's Sunday?"

"Sunday is still in the future."

"How did it get there?"

"I mean it hasn't come yet."

"It hasn't? What's keeping it?"

"Why, dear, it can't come till it's time for it."

"How does it know when it's time for it?"

"Don't bother me, Katie."

"Mamma, what's Sunday doing, anyhow?"—Chicago Tribune.

**Austria's Most Popular First Names.**

The most popular Christian name in Austria, according to the last census, is Franz (Francis). There are no less than 1,834,000 of the male subjects of the Emperor Francis Joseph who bear this name. The next in popularity is Johann. There are in round numbers 1,260,000 Austrian Johns. The third is Josef, also one of the names of the kaiser; the Josephs of Austria number 1,085,000. Fourthly comes the Leopolds, 584,000, and fifthly the Wenzels, 448,000. The female Christian name highest favor in Austria is Anna, which is borne by 1,780,000, this is followed by Maria, with 1,652,000, and Elizabeth, with 1,200,000 representatives.—Westminister Gazette.

**An Instance.**

"There are cases where gue sswork is better than practical demonstration," said the prudent man.

"Think so?"

"Yes. Take, for example, the case of the man who has a curiosity about how far out he can swim at the seaside."—Washington Star.

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## GENERAL MILES.

**WILL SOON BE RANKING GENERAL IN THE ARMY.**

**And He May Also be Made a Lieutenant-General.**

The command of the army will devolve upon Major-General Nelson A. Miles, now stationed at Governors Island, New York harbor, on the 29th instant, when Lieutenant-General John M. Schofield goes on the retired list on account of age.

General Schofield's enforced retirement will result in no promotions in the army, as his advancement to his present grade was through special Congressional legislation last winter. Neither will there be any change in

GEN. MILES.

the present departmental commands of shifting around of stations.

# Talmage's Sermon.

STEPHEN GAZING INTO HEAVEN, BEHOLDING CHRIST.

**Stephen Stoned, His Dying Prayer, and His Final Rest.**

New York, Sept. 16.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, in his sermon on Sunday last selected a theme both picturesque and spiritually inspiring. His discourse was grouped into five pictures, and the basis for his sermon was the text, "Behold I see the heavens opened."—Acts 7:56-60

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it. They resolved to do as men would sometimes like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and with curse and whoop, and bellow, they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down and seeing that he was not yet dead they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone. Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clambers up on his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples, and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" that was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge;" that was for his murderers. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures.

Stephen gazing into heaven. Stephen looking at Christ. Stephen stoned. Stephen in his dying prayer. Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen gazing into heaven. Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting-room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you can walk with catalogue and glass and ever-increasing admiration.

Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of his realm. The whole universe is His palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments; tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud-stairs are stretched out canvas on which commingle azure, and purple, and saffron, and gold. But heaven is the room in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. St. John says of it: "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory unto it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosts to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake and the pitch of avalanche from the mountain, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad-voiced acclamation of angelic dominions to welcome them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man here so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them good-bye, and then went away; but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea we stand on the dock, or on the steamship, and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand looking in the same direction; so when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows, and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the vipers of pain and sorrow and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, you will stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulder under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older; and sometimes in the eventide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer; and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names, and listen, and sit gazing into heaven.

Pass on now, and see Stephen looking upon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how he looked in heaven, we cannot say. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ, and put them upon canvas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see him and with our own ears we can hear him. And yet there is a way of seeing him and hearing him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth, you will never see and hear him in heaven.

Look! There he is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way—try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul, saying, "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the forlorn, and the wretched, and the outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderful invitation! You can take it to-day, and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city, and say, "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that, and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at him I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see him; I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear the voice that pronounced my deliverance. Behold him, little children; for if you live to three score years and ten, you will see none so fair. Behold him, ye aged ones; for he only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold him, earth. Behold him, heaven. What a moment when all the nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing on Jesus. His worth if all the nations knew
Sure the whole earth would love Him, too.

I pass on now, and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of young men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers were transfixed by the scorn of all good men, Stephen rises in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. "All who will live godly in Jesus Christ must suffer persecution." It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is because you are either a lagyard or a dolt. If a steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice, and money, and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast him out, to destroy him, I say, 'Stephen stoned.'

When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grogshops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him, because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen stoned." But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted Stephen they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good man, but you cannot kill him. On the day of his death, Stephen spoke before a few people in the Sanhedrim; this Sabbath morning he addresses all Christendom. Paul the apostle stood on Mars' hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern school girl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonder of justification and the glories of resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they spat upon him, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the Presidential chair; but from that spot of coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's Theater there sprang up the new life of a nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive.

Pass on now, and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not for himself. Stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trapdoor, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future; but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day, and I see it irradiating your countenance. Sometimes I am abashed before an audience, not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal spirits. The probability is that your body will at least find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt but that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming pine; but this spirit about which Stephen prayed, what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to receive it? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of the sun, and there be torches lighted for it the rest of the way?

Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway, will there be a castle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it; but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to come up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And I have no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety about it?

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you believe in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul—before I close this discourse I will find out where it will land. Thank God for the intimation for my text, that when we die Jesus takes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive bars between here and the city of light, Jesus could remove them.

What though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illumine them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on his omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, his hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the "Lord's prayer," for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too feeble to say the infant prayer our mother taught us, which John Quincy Adams, 70 years of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow;

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ either of these familiar forms; but this prayer of Stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is clever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we have deserved to be treated; but if on the dying pillow there shall break the light of that better world, we shall have no more regret about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beautiful, and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beautifully depicted it when in his last moment he threw up his hands and cried out: "I move into the light!"

Pass on now, and I will show you one more picture, and that is Stephen asleep. With a pathos and simplicity peculiar to the scriptures, the text says of Stephen: "He fell asleep." "Oh," you say, "what a place that was to sleep! A hard rock under him, stones falling down upon him, the blood streaming, the mob howling. What a place it was to sleep!" And yet my text takes that symbol of slumber to describe his departure, so sweet was it, so contented was it, so peaceful was it. Stephen had lived a very laborous life. His chief work had been to care for the poor. How many loaves of bread he had distributed, how many bare feet he had sandaled, how many cots of sickness and distress he had blessed with ministries of kindness and love, I do not know; yet from the way he lived, and the way he preached, and the way he died, I know he was a laborous Christian. But that is all over now. He has pressed the cup to the last, fainting lip. He has taken the last insult from his enemies. The last stone to whose crushing weight he is susceptible has been hurled. Stephen is dead! The disciples come. They take him up! They wash away the blood from the wounds. They straighten out the bruised limbs. They brush back the tangled hair from the brow, and then they pass around to look upon the calm countenance of him who died for the poor and died for the truth. Stephen asleep!

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man, whose life has been tossed and driven, coming down at last into infinite calm, in which there was a hush of heaven's lullaby. Stephen asleep!

I saw such an one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled at the doorknob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay; yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded, heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! Stephen asleep.

I have not the faculty as many have to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy, and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian, come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. But at the last Christ will come in and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the King. No more rents to pay, no more agony because four hours gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh, and the devil;" but peace—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Uninjured by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred and thy graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

You have seen enough for one day. No one can successfully examine more than five pictures in a day. Therefore we stop, having seen this cluster of divine Raphaels—Stephen gazing into heaven; Stephen looking at Christ; Stephen stoned; Stephen in his dying prayer; Stephen asleep.

## PUCK'S LATEST.

Briefster—Miss Keytap, why do you always turn your head and dodge at the sound of every line?

Miss Keytap—Whenever that bell rings I always think I'm on my wheel.

Miss Romantic—Oh, I like your poetry. You put a thought into every line.

Mr. Rondo—Yes; I almost always have to think how to make it rhyme with the next one.

"Ten years solitary confinement!" The terrible words fell upon the prisoner's ear, and yet he flinched not. "I am innocent, I swear it! but—" A glad smile lit up his eye. "At last I shall have time to read the Sunday papers through!"

And the clanking of his chain made merry music as he trod exultantly to his dungeon cell.

Hockstein—Vasn't it too pad apout Rosenperg vot gommitted suicide?

Isaacs—Yes, dot vas so; put he vas der most egstravagant man dat effer vas.

Hockstein—Egstravagant?

Isaacs—Yes; he puts four pullets in his prains undt der doctors say dot any vun of dem vould have done der vork.

Editor—You say, "We are informed, semi-officially, that there was a row in the Dix household." Who told you so?

Spaceryt—She wouldn't talk; so I had to see Dix.

"I hear," said Dianna the Huntress, as she rested her toe for an instant on the pedestal, "that Pygmalion is in love with Galatea."

"That is," ejaculated the Bust of Minerva; "well, it's a cinch that he gets the marble heart."

Newsboy (calling paper)—Evening Yawper! All about the murder and suicide!

Mrs. Goodcheer—Here, boy; give me a paper! (A moment later.) Pshaw! they're nobody I know.

It was her last day at the seashore. All summer she had held sway over the hearts of the young men who had come down by the sea to conquer only to fall a victim to her wiles. Her last day. The men had gone. The season was at an end. The September nights already were cool to chilliness in premonition of the equinox.

Her last day. She rose from the sands, her dainty bathing suit clinging to her lithesome shape, and stretched herself as one who wears her mind run over the conquests here upon the shore, upon her rivals, if she could dignify them as such, and then she turned with a supercilious smile of scorn toward the sea, the restless, ceaseless sea.

"And as for you," she turned for a last look, "you never touched me!"

A low moan came sobbing back from the sullen sea, and with a laugh, she ran up the beach and was gone.

Wills—Was Jones an exhibitor at the horse show?

Wallace—Yes; in a measure. He made an ass of himself.

### Weak and Nervous

Describes the condition of thousands of people at this season. They have no appetite, cannot sleep, and complain of the prostrating effect of warmer weather. This condition may be remedied by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates an appetite and tones up all the organs. It gives good health by making the blood pure.

**Hood's Pills** are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache.

### A Study in Bronze Hair.

A curious claim, says a London exchange, was brought before Judge Lumley Smith in the Westminster county court yesterday. It was for a perfumer's bill being claimed by a Mr. Emile against Captain Toler and his wife. The principal question was as to whether washing the lady's hair with dye, which her husband said made her hair grow, to which he objected, was necessary. One item was for additional hair for the back of the head and curls. It appeared that after the operation, when the dye was used, lasted three hours, and his honor expressed surprise that any lady should sit for three hours to have her hair dressed. It appeared that the lady received £600 a year from her husband. Judge Smith was of the opinion that it was not necessary to have bronze hair, however much it might be the fashion, and gave judgment for the amount claimed against the wife only.

### An Easy Way Out of It.

The Wife—Mother says she won't come to see us unless we let her pay board.

The Husband—Then tell her she shan't pay any.—Life.


TURNING GRAY
AND THREATENED
WITH BALDNESS
The Danger is Averted by Using
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

"Nearly forty years ago, after some weeks of sickness, my hair turned gray and began falling out so rapidly that I was threatened with immediate baldness. Hearing Ayer's Hair Vigor highly spoken of, I commenced using this prepara-

tion, and was so well satisfied with the result that I have never tried any other kind of dressing. It stopped the hair from falling out, stimulated a new growth of hair, and kept the scalp free from dandruff. Only an occasional application is now needed to keep my hair of good, natural color. I never hesitate to recommend any of Ayer's medicines to my friends."—Mrs. H. M. HAIGHT, Avoca, Neb.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.
*Ayer's Sarsaparilla Removes Pimples.*

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.


## OLDEST MAN IN INDIANA.

**Peter Surprise Still an Active Man—Has Reached the Age of 102.**

Peter Surprise, who lives with his son Henry four miles northeast of Lowell, is probably the oldest man in the state of Indiana.

The record of his birth was destroyed many years ago, but as near as can be ascertained he was born August 8, 1793, making him 102 years of age. He was born in the lower province of Canada, and in the year 1810 he moved to the state of New York, thence to Chicago in the year 1820, when after a short time he moved to this place, taking up a homestead on the farm which is now known as the John Lynch farm, just east of the incorporated limits of Lowell.

He was a subject of Great Britain until the year 1837, when he took out

PETER SURPRISE.

naturalization papers at Crown Point. His wife, whose maiden name was Rosana Taylor, died in the year 1875. To this union was born eleven children.

Mr. Surprise is very active, probably as much so as many who are but 50 years of age, but on account of the wear and tear of a century of years, his mind is slightly impaired. He is a great spiritualist, and has many spells which he terms "exercises." If he desires to converse with his wife, now deceased, he goes into a sort of trance and commences his "exercises."

He is of the opinion that he will live for 100 years yet.

## LIKE THUNDERCLAPS.

**How a Fly's Trotting Sounds in a Microphone.**

The improvements which W. H. Soulby has lately added to the microphone, or "sound magnifier," makes it one of the most marvelous mechanical contrivances of the age, says the St. Louis Republic. The special construction of this instrument is of no particular interest to any one except experts, but what is told of its wonderful powers as a magnifier of sounds will entertain the young and old, as well as the scientific and unscientific readers of "Notes for the Curious." After the instrument had been completed with the exception of a few finishing touches, Soulby found it absolutely necessary to keep the door of his workshop tightly closed so as to admit no sounds from the outside, otherwise the inarticulate rumblings given off by the "detector" would have become unbearable. Even with closed doors the cap had to be kept constantly in place on the receiver to keep the instrument from sending forth a roar, which previous investigation had proved to be a combination of sounds produced by watch beats, breathing, the hum of flies, etc.

A fly walking across the receiver of the instrument made a sound equal to a horse crossing a bridge, and when Mr. Soulby laid his arm across the box the blood rushing in his veins gave forth a sound which much resembled that made by the pump of a large steam engine. The playing of a piano in a house across the street was, when ejected from Soulby's machine, like the roar of an avalanche, and the washing of dishes in the kitchen of a house across the alley made a sound which the inventor of the machine says was "a burden to his soul." When any one entered the room, walked about, coughed, touched the table or door handles, the shriek which issued from the ejector was most painful to hear.

Hundreds of uses have been suggested for the microphone, the most practical being those of blood circulation and lung tests.


Use SOZODONT when you have eaten;
Use SOZODONT your breath to sweeten;
Use SOZODONT to aid digestion;
Use SOZODONT and ask no question.
Preserve your molars, and you wont
Regret the use of SOZODONT.


## SUMATRA JUNGLES.

Sumatra is a veritable dime museum of nature. In no other place is there such a collection of odd animals, birds and trees.

The sunbear is one of the queer animals. He is about three feet high and wholly untaught can perform astonishing tricks.

The kukang is a curious animal the size of a cat. It is brown with a fox like head and paws which it uses as if it were a monkey. Its eyes are remarkably large, round and yellow.

The rhinoceros bird is the size of a small turkey, but has a beak a foot long which joins the skull two and one-half inches deep. After this is another beak reversed, forming a cap or helmet.

Snakes of all size abound in the Sumatra jungles. Monster lizards are there measuring six and seven feet. The house lizard is about twelve inches long and makes a noise which sounds like the bark of a toy terrier.

There is an enormous black spider three inches long as to body and with a stride of legs that would almost cover a dinner plate. Its web sometimes extends between trees eighteen yards apart.

The "deadly" upas tree is fairly large with a thick dark bark which when cut gives forth an oozy, milky fluid. This liquid is used for arrow poison by the natives. The terror of the jungle is the ringgus tree. When cut with an ax a shower of milky fluid comes forth, and wherever it touches the skin it is agonizing in effect.—Chicago News.

### R There

The bivalve, to perfection gain,
Four months has striven well;
September first he graduates,
And this his "college yell:"
R we in it?
Yes, we R!
Oyster stew, Oyster stew, Rah, Rah, Rah!
—Worchester Gazette.


AUSTIN'S DAM.

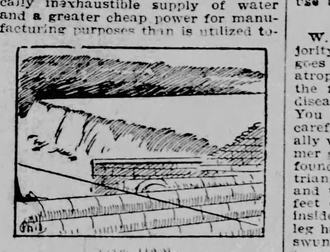
A SPLENDID WATER-POWER FOR THE CAPITAL OF TEXAS.

**The Damming of the Colorado River Forms a Lake.**

The City of Austin, Tex., proposes soon to arrange an international regatta. A purse of $2,000 is offered for four-oared shells, another of $1,000 for double sculls, a third of $1,000 for single sculls, and negotiations for bringing over English oarsmen to compete are now well advanced.

The idea of a regatta more than two hundred miles inland from a seaport, 500 feet above sea-level, and in a state not popularly known as having a superabundance of available water, is at first blush mildly surprising. But that is simply because the world is not generally aware of the fact that Austin has only recently completed one of the most important engineering achievements of the age, one that gives her an artificial lake of pure mountain water 25 miles long, in some places a mile wide and over sixty feet deep in a great part of that expanse.

As long ago as 1873 George B. Zimpelman, now postmaster at Austin, urged the damming of the Colorado river to obtain for the city a practically inexhaustible supply of water and a greater cheap power for manufacturing purposes than is utilized to-



THE DAM.

day anywhere on this continent, except at Niagara. The project came to be known as his hobby, from his insistent advocacy of it in and out of season, but it was not until 1890 that he had the entire community with him. By that time Austin had already outgrown the Holly water system with which she was provided, and it was very evident, in view of the city's steady and rapid increase in population, that an infinitely more efficient service would be necessary in the near future.

On May 5, 1890, at a special election, the taxpayers almost unanimously voted to authorize the issue by the city of $1,400,000 of 5 per cent. bonds to provide funds for building the great dam, erecting a huge power-house and establishing adequate water and electric lighting systems throughout the city. The financial and engineering preliminaries to the actual work were pushed forward with great rapidity, and in exactly one year to a day from that election, the first stone of the dam was placed in the enormous trench cut deep in the river bed to hold its foundations.

**The Colorado Watershed.**

The Colorado river drains a watershed of 40,000 square miles in extent, in a mountainous country, where violent rains occur and, rolling rapidly through the rocky beds of subsidiary streams, cause great floods in the river. It has been known to rise at Austin as much as 45 feet above normal low-water mark and since the dam has been constructed the volume of one flood was such that the flow over the crest of the structure, notwithstanding the open sluice-pipes, was six feet and eleven inches in depth. Evidently a dam capable of resisting such a torrent as this must be of extraordinary strength. Larger dams than the one at Austin there are in a number of places. Three in France are respectively 1,540, 1,759 and 1,805 feet long, and the one in Wales, which stores the water supply of Liverpool, is 1,359 feet in length, while the Austin dam is only 1,200. And there are at least seven dams higher than this, which is only 60 feet from foundation to crest. But none of those dams are on a great river, as this is, and little or no water flows over them, while the flow over the Austin dam in times of floods amounts to from 200,000 to 250,000 cubic feet per second.

Above Austin the Colorado river flows through a deep canyon worn in the limestone rock, the walls of which are often 150 feet above the bed of the stream. The width of this canyon varies greatly, the narrowest place being that at which the dam is built. There were no considerable meadows or bottom lands anywhere along it, so although the construction of the dam made a lake navigable for steamboats for a length of twenty-five miles, there was very little damage to private property and exceptional freedom from pollution of the water supply. Though at Austin the Colorado river loses its character of a mountain stream, becoming thenceforth a river of the plain, it still has a descent of 420 feet to make to the sea, which is sufficient to give it a strong cleansing current.

The great dam above low water mark is 66 feet thick at the base and 16 feet on top, founded in a deep excavation in the solid rock clear across the river bed and carried some distance into the solid rock walls at each end. Its core is of hard limestone; both faces are of red granite blocks, dressed and closely fitted, and every stone has been laid, with conscientious care, in the best quality of Portland cement. The greatest depth of water is 67 feet, which is just above the dam, and the total contents of the lake are roughly estimated at 2,800,000,000 cubic feet. A sufficient volume of water is supplied by the river at all seasons to keep the flow over the crest of the dam its entire length at from three to six inches in depth, even in the dryest seasons, after supplying the city with all the water required for every use to which it has thus far been applied. The upper portion of the exterior surface of the structure has been sloped in order to project the falling water away from the toe of the dam into the deep pool below, and the resultant effect of the great sheet of silvery water falling like a cataract is very beautiful. At times of flood, when the river rises fifteen or twenty feet, which it does not infrequently, the waterfall becomes really magnificent, and its roar may be heard a long distance off.

**Capacity of the Pumps.**

The pumps, at present operated by power from the dam, are capable of raising 8,000,000 gallons daily if run to their full capacity, which would give about three hundred and twenty gallons a day to each inhabitant of Austin. The electric plant comprises dynamos of 500 horse-power; 240 two thousand candle power are lights for street illumination by the overhead power system; fifteen thousand sixteen candle power incandescent lamps, and an electric railway from the center of the city to the dam, a distance of about three and one-half miles, which has now been in operation only about a fortnight. The power house is so arranged that its capacity can be doubled at any time.

In addition to giving the 25,000 citizens of Austin all the water they want to use, the dam affords 14,500 horse power of energy to be applied in any way its controllers may see fit. As yet the turbine wheels in the city's power house only utilize a small part of that power for pumping water up to the storage and settling reservoir and for the generation of electricity. They have a capacity of 2,400 horse power, but are not called upon to develop it. Engineers estimate that for several years to come the municipal utilization will not exceed 4,500 horse power, which will leave 10,000 for employment in manufacturing enterprises. And should this, in time, be found inadequate, the capacity of the dam may be doubled by raising it fifteen feet, which it will very well bear.



For Sick Headache
Take Hornford's Acid Phosphate.

It removes the cause by stimulating the action of the stomach, promoting digestion and quieting the nerves.


## CAN CURE ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER.

**A Leading Physician at Last Discovers the Remedy.**

The majority of sufferers from Ashtma and kindred complaints, after trying Doctors and numberless Remedies advertised as positive cures, without avail, have come to the conclusion that there is no cure for this most distressing disease, and these same persons will be the more in doubt and skeptical when they learn through the columns of the press that Dr. Rudolph Schiffmann, the recognized authority, who has treated more cases of these diseases than any living Doctor, has achieved success by perfecting a remedy which not only gives immediate relief in the worst cases, but has positively cured thousands of sufferers who were considered incurable. These were just as skeptical as some of our readers now are. Dr. Schiffmann's remedy no doubt possesses the merit which is claimed for it or he would not authorize this paper to announce that he is not only willing to give free to each person suffering from Asthma, Hay Fever, Phthisis or Bronchitis one free liberal trial package of his cure, but urgently requests all sufferers to send him their name and address and receive a package, absolutely free of charge, knowing that in making the claim he does not risk a cent, as some doubt will arise in the minds of many, and that a personal test, as he offers to all, will be more convincing and prove its merits than the publishing of thousands of testimonials from others who have been permanently cured by the use of his asthma cure. "Dr. Schiffmann's Asthma Cure," as it is called, has been sold by all druggists ever since it was first introduced, although many persons may never have heard of it, and it is with a view to reaching these that he makes this offer. This is certainly a most generous and fair offer, and all who are suffering from any of the above complaints should write to him at once and avail themselves of the same. Address Dr. R. Schiffman, 315 Rosabel street, St. Paul, Minn. Write at once, as no free samples can be obtained after Sept. 30th.

## The Farmstead.

### INFORMATION WANTED.

**Properties of Corn, Barley and Wheat.**

H. C. W., Oregon: A good comparison is with hay, as it will give you the relative differences for horses and cattle and at the same time show the effect our grain bears to another. To give a certain nourishment good hay requires 100 pounds. Corn will give the same effect by the use of 55 pounds; barley by the use of 51 pounds, and wheat by the use of 43 pounds. Wheat will cause pigs to take on flesh more rapidly than corn, but it is not so fattening. It does not make as solid meat as corn, so that it is better to "top out" with corn in fattening hogs as it gives firmer fat. A butcher will pay more for a hog fattened on corn than if fattened with wheat. A first-class butcher will always detect the differences between a wheat-fed hog and a corn-fed one.

**Enlargement Below Knee Joint.**

A. K. L., North Dakota: The mare has bone spavin. Take of bin-iodide of mercury 1 drachm, lard 1 1-2 ozs. Mix well and rub in over the swollen part once a day for a week. Rub in at night and wash off in the morning with warm water and soap. After a week's time heal with unsalted lard. After the elapse of 15 days repeat. The animal should have rest while under treatment. If it be a case of long standing, it may be necessary to use the firing iron.

**Mare Gone Lame.**

W. C. P., New York: In a great majority of cases where a horse or mare goes lame and the shoulder becomes atrophied the seat of the trouble is in the foot, either corns or navicular disease, and especially the former. You should first examine the foot carefully, see if the hoof is unnaturally warm, and tap with a small hammer gently about the frog. Corns are found on the sensitive sole, in the triangular space between the bars and the wall at the heel, in the forefeet only, and nearly always in the inside heel. In shoulder lameness the leg has no knee action and the leg is swung. Treatment is to insert a seaton under the skin, and each day for a week turning the seaton and applying a little of blister to the tape, after washing with warm water and soap. Outward applications are iodine 1 drachm, iodide of potash 2 drachms, lard 2 ozs, rub daily, and bathe with warm water and soap before each application; or use red iodide of mercury 1 drachm, lard 2 ozs. for a week.

**Russian Thistle.**

One of the very worst pests to the farmers of the United States, and especially of the far West, is the Russian thistle. This pest has found its way over a wide extent of country, notwithstanding the determined efforts that have been made to get rid of it. The first evidence of its invasion of Ohio was at or near Bryan, but it has now been found near Toledo. Yesterday Mr. C. A. Tracy, who lives in Oregon township, brought a well-developed Russian thistle to The Blade office. There were five of the thistles and they were discovered near the Jerusalem road. When the Russian thistle matures, it breaks off near the root and the wind rolls it along. As it goes, the seeds fall out, and they are certain to take root.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

**Artichokes.**

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I want to say to farmers, plant less corn and more root crops for winter food for stock. I have cultivated and fed the white Jerusalem artichoke five years. They excel other root crops by not being injured by freezing and thawing in the ground during winter. They need not be gathered and stored away as other root crops, thus saving a great amount of labor, and they yield from six hundred to a thousand bushels per acre. They will stand either dry or wet weather better than other crops, and can be planted either in spring or fall. I prefer late fall planting, as they start to grow so very early in spring. The way we feed them to hogs is just to turn them in when the tubers are mature, which is about the middle of October, and they will help themselves. I keep one lot where I turn my hogs to fatten for spring market. Cows, calves and colts winter nicely on them. For these, we plow out and pit for winter feeding. After the first crop, there is always enough tubers left in the ground to produce the next crop. They are planted and cultivated like Irish potatoes the first year.—Ell Heaton, Russiaville, Ind.

**A Scientific Question.**

Editor Blade Farmstead:—In a recent issue of your paper you ask for any scientific question, and here is one that has bothered me much, and I would like to see it disposed of. I have seen manure put on land and plowed under and grain planted on it, and the manure do but little or no good. I have put it in a dry state around the hills in each alternate row, and before any rains would see a marked difference. Now, does it attract its fructifying properties from the air on earth, or do the rootlets seize upon the mass itself and carry its strength to the stalks above? Yes, I would like to know in what way the effect is produced.—E. S. Hulin, Erwin, Tenn.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**Bees and Fruit.**

It is sometimes charged that bees are injurious to fruit-growing—especially to grapes. Bees do sometimes work on grapes in a dry time, says J. W. Rouse, that is, when nectar is scarce; but bees can only work on grapes after some bird or other insect has cut the skin, or the grape has become overripe and the skin has cracked or bursted. It is sometimes charged that the bees cut through the skin of the grapes themselves, but such is not the case, as they have no cutting or biting apparatus whereby they can cut or puncture the sound skin of the grape. The mandibles of the honey-bee are so constructed that while they can extract the nectar from flowers, they have no cutting edges. The wasps, hornets and yellow-jackets do have cutting edges like sets of teeth on their mandibles, so that they can and do cut the skin of grapes, and the bees follow them up and finish the work they have commenced, and thus often save what might go to waste. Dadant & Son, of Hamilton, Ill., who are large apiarists and also grape growers, on one occasion, when taking in their grapes, found the bees working on the grapes very much. After removing all the grapes under cover except one bunch for experiment, the bees covered the bunch as thick as on the grapes for several hours. It was found in the evening, after the bees had left, that they had not been able to cut through the skin of a single grape. Mr. J. P. Israel, of Oliveniam, Cal., who is an apiarist and raisin-grower, says he is glad to have the bees work on the raisins so as to get all the unsound or injured fruit removed. In a test made by Professor McLain, of the United States experiment station, with thirty different varieties of grapes, and after making tests in every conceivable way, such as nearly starving the bees and then giving them grapes, and even after pouring both syrup and honey over the grapes, the bees taking the syrup and honey greedily, in no case could he induce the bees to cut through the sound skin of a single grape. As Professor McLain had no axe to grind he made a thorough test.—Farmers' Voice.

**Building a Hen House.**

In building a poultry house the first thing to be considered is the location. I prefer a sandy soil because the water runs off readily after a rain. A hill or ridge facing the south is my preference.

Next to consider is the foundation for house. A cheap foundation makes a cheap house though it may cost ever so much. Don't place your house on a foundation that will soon rot down but, at least, make it as good accordingly as the rest of the building. If you wish to build a good substantial house, a brick or stone base would be best. One good way to do is to dig a trench to suit the size of the building digging it from twenty to thirty inches deep, then fill in with any kind of stone. After filling (being careful to keep the stones packed well together) take some mortar or cement and make it level on top. After it is thoroughly dried, place brick or building stone upon this to the height required. Upon this place the sills and you will have one of the best foundations you can get for the money. The wall allows no draughts to blow beneath the floor causing the house to become very cold in winter. Be careful not to leave any opening in the masonry to allow rats and mice to enter.

If you think such a foundation too expensive, use nothing less than a good cedar sill, which should be placed on stone, not blocks of wood, for the blocks will be sure to rot in a short time, and the building become nothing but a poor shackly structure.

The house should face the south so as to get the benefit of the sun's rays so very essential in winter to keep biddy comfortable and in good laying condition.

The size of the building should depend on the number of fowls you expect to keep in it. Crowding too many together causes disease and great loss. Five square feet to each fowl, is the average allowance, but ten would be better.

Place large windows in the front to allow plenty of sunshine. In summer they should be well shaded to protect the fowls.

Make the house tight, and be sure there are no cracks or holes to admit draughts which will cause roup or colds. A hole no larger than a pencil will give a fowl the roup if she roosts near it so as to receive the draught on her head.

It would be well to line the house with tarred felting or plaster it as you would a dwelling house. Remember biddy is very tender and can not stand the cold very well.

Lice harbors should be kept from the poultry house if you wish to be without those pests.

As for ventilation you do not need any if you keep your house well

# TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1895.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 124,000


### TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our low-priced three months subscription offer was discontinued with the month of August. It will be useless to send us three months' subscriptions now at less than our regular rates.

We have a very large number of three months' subscribers whose terms expire during September. To them we have sent a proposition for renewal for one year, which is the most remarkable as to terms that The Blade or any other newspaper ever made.

We hope that without exception every short time subscriber will accept this and send in his renewal. And it will be very remarkable if all do not. For, as stated above, the terms offered are so liberal that no one will resist, and we believe such terms will never be offered again by any newspaper.

### THE CUP RACES.

Every true American must lament the outcome of the cup races between the Defender and Valkyrie. The cup stays on this side of the Atlantic, but the three races belong to the Defender in only a technical sense.

The first race she won fairly and squarely. The second was awarded to her, not because she won it, but because the Valkyrie fouled her at the start. The third time she merely sailed over the course, the Valkyrie abandoning the contest after crossing the starting line.

After the first two performances of the Defender, it was plain that she is the better and faster boat. We all believe in fair play, and there an overwhelming feeling that the Defender should have declined to accept the award of the second race, and have insisted on its being recalled.

Then the same feeling of fair play makes every one regret that Lord Dunraven's protest against the interference of the vast fleet of excursion steamers and other boats, loaded with spectators, was not heeded. The contests for the cup will end if the British yachtsmen become convinced they can not have what they deem fair play. The Defender is the better boat, and is able to defeat the Valkyrie. Dunraven should have been given every chance to have this demonstrated.

### COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF WALKER.

The unanimous election of Colonel I. N. Walker, of Indianapolis, for the head of the Grand Army in the United States is an honor not only to that brave soldier, but to the Grand Army. Col. Walker has an excellent war record; he fought in many of the great battles of the rebellion, was promoted because he deserved it, and suffered all the horrors of the Southern prison pens. There are many worthy men in the Grand Army who deserve such honors, but it is impossible to reward them all. However, no mistake was made in the selection of Col. Walker.

### WHAT QUAY'S VICTORY MEANS.

The victory of Quay in the battle for the control of the Republican organization in Pennsylvania is of the highest importance to the believers in clean politics, not only in Pennsylvania, but all over the United States. While in an aspect the contest was merely a party squabble, yet when one considers Quay's declaration of principles, it takes a much higher interest. Note the following points of that declaration, and note the reforms which Quay demands in Pennsylvania politics:

The abolition of the municipal combinations in the two great cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

Against the use of money in politics.

Resistance to corporate control of legislatures, municipal councils, political primaries and elections.

A form of civil service which will prevent the enslavement of public officers and employes, and compelling those appointed to preserve the peace to confine themselves to their official duties.

Absolute freedom and fairness in bestowing state, county and municipal contracts, and to the punishment of any form of favoritism.

Against exclusive franchises to deal in public necessities, comforts, conveyance and sanitary requirements.

A recognition of ability and fidelity in the public service, keeping service to the country ever foremost when accompanied by ability and fitness.

Public office should be for the public benefit, and its term in subordinate positions should be during good behavior.

No state or county employe or officer should be permitted to influence primaries or elections, or should upon any pretense be assessed upon his salary.

All unnecessary positions and salaries should be abolished, and municipal expenditure and taxation should be reduced.

There should be a uniform basis of valuation of property for public purposes.

Corporations enjoying public privileges should pay for them.

Schools should be divorced from politics, and kept absolutely free from political influence and control.

At the next session of the legislature the laws necessary for the establishment of these reforms should be enacted.

Quay won in the contest, and he therefore stands pledged to carry out these reforms, so far as he can control that result. The whole country will watch the outcome. Pennsylvania may have made an epoch in American political history when her Republican voters placed Quay in control of the party organization.

Texas seems to have a greater leaning towards populism than pugilism.

### THE LIQUOR EVIL IN RUSSIA.

It is a striking sign of the progress of modern ideas with regard to the uselessness and evil of the saloon system, that even in far-off Russia the government of the autocratic Czar has determined to destroy the individual saloon, and to eliminate the profit-getting feature of liquor-selling, which is the fecund parent of so much evil, by putting into force a system of complete governmental control of the traffic. The new system will go into force in eight provinces on July 1, 1896; in seven other provinces on July 1, 1897, and in all the rest of the empire on January 1, 1898. After the last named date there will be no saloon keeping in the realm of the Czar. What is taken to be virtually an official explanation of the move is copied from the Viedomosti by the Review of Reviews. The Russian journal says:

The object of government monopoly of the sale of liquor is principally to do away with the abuses of liquor dealers who take advantage of the disposition to drunkenness. To say nothing of the fact that the liquor dealers are generally also usuers who manage to enslave the population, they try to encourage drunkenness and to make a saloon a necessity to the people. They gladly deal on a credit basis and take all kinds of household goods as security. The law, to be sure, prohibits this, but it is notorious that the saloon keepers obtain most of their incomes by evading the legal restraints.

Government sale, on the other hand, aims at the substitution for drunkenness of the normal consumption of liquor. Equally important is the influence of government monopoly upon the improvement of the quality of the liquor manufactured.

Overproduction is one of the greatest evils of capitalistic industry. The chief difficulty is in determining the amount of a given product necessary for consumption and justly distributing it among the competing manufacturers. The liquor monopoly makes the government the master of the market. Henceforth prices of spirits will be determined, not by the competition of the distillers, but by the just estimate of the labor and risk incurred in production.

The description of the present situation in Russia is brief, but graphic; and it is easy for any one to fill in the details of the misery and ruin which is wrought among the ignorant peasantry by the liquor sellers, who combine a sort of pawnbroking business with that of selling vodka—or, rather, they barter that fiery liquor for anything of value which the customer may have. There is no doubt that the placing of the traffic under governmental control will remove many evils, and do much to improve the condition of the Russian peasantry.

Under the iron hand of the Czar, we may also expect to see a great diminution in the amount of liquor consumed, similar to what has been the case in Sweden and Norway under the Gothenburg system. How far this principle could be applied to the regulation of the traffic in the United States is an open question. The Tillman dispensary law of South Carolina is an attempt in that direction, and it may be found to work, now that all the legal expedients for its overthrow have been exhausted, and there seems to be an acquiescence in the law—unwilling though it may be.

It will be noted that the fight against the manifold evils of the rum traffic has been in a condition of evolution for years. The first effort was fine in theory, but a failure in actual experience. It seemed so easy, too. Granted that the liquor traffic is an evil, it seemed that all that was needed was a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. But when that was done, it was found that in any locality where there was a demand on the part of drinking men for liquors, there were always those who would supply the demand, despite the law; and that, unless public sentiment was overwhelmingly in favor of its enforcement, the violations could not be stopped.

Now, the friends of temperance are beginning to see that regulation must come first, and be supplemented by the education of the people on this topic. We must restrain, repress, and educate, as a preliminary to the success of steps to be taken in the future to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

Col. Watterson, of Kentucky, should lecture Col. Bob Aldrich, of South Carolina, on "Equal Rights to All Men." Col. Bob doesn't want colored men to hold office in South Carolina and has embodied his view in a resolution that he has submitted to the constitutional convention of that state. Aldrich has inerpreted the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to meet his own narrow-minded views, but fortunately there is little danger of the convention adopting such an outrageously insulting constitution. This same kind of interpretation in regard to state rights was a prime factor in promoting the rebellion. Col Aldrich should be given a more liberal education.

The Blade received on Monday morning two ears of Kansas corn, from a subscriber at Havensville, Pottawatomie county. The ears are 15 1-2 inches long, and weigh 3 pounds 2 ounces. The gentleman who kindly sent them says corn in that county will average over 100 bushels to the acre. The ears now ornament The Blade counting-room. A glance at them gives one a luminous idea of the capabilities of Kansas, as well as of the extraordinary crop of 1895.

It has generally been supposed that the bond syndicate agreed to maintain the Treasury gold reserve until October 1, after which time its obligations would cease. The syndicate has authorized the statement that while it is under no obligation to aid the Treasury it will continue to do so, not only until October, but until next year, if necessary, and if conditions make it feasible to do so.

Reports to Bradstreet's agency are that the Louisiana sugar crop is from 15 to 20 per cent smaller than that of last year. This is not due to climatic conditions, as this has been an exceptionally good season for the sugar cane, but because of the abolition of the sugar bounty by the Democratic Congress.

"Kentucky gave Abraham Lincoln to the Union, and Jefferson Davis to the Confederacy," says the Chicago Inter Ocean. And it should have added that she gave Henry Watterson to the whole country, as an example of a man whose patriotism is higher than politics, or state or sectional pride.

The Washington Post observes that a Democratic victory in Ohio this year would make a serious dent in the third term notion. But how will a Republican victory help it?

St. Paul's welcome to the Grand Army men next year cannot exceed in warmth that given by Louisville.

That hot weather last week was awful, but it helped make the corn crop.

## OUR SILVER DISCUSSION.

### THE SIXTH PAPER APPEARS IN TO-DAY'S ISSUE.

### Horace White Explains the Nature of Fiat Money.

In to-day's issue of The Blade we give the sixth paper of our silver discussion. It is entitled

**"FIAT MONEY."**

The author of this is Mr. HORACE WHITE, of New York, the well-known political economist. He is a trenchant writer, and his clear and luminous style makes his argument very plain.

The next article will be entitled:

**"OUR BANK NOTE CIRCULATION."**

The author of this paper is Mr. WM. DODSWORTH, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, the leading commercial periodical of the United States.

### ANOTHER FALLACY SHOWN UP.

Every one knows the free trade theory that "if we do not buy we can not sell," as applied to our foreign trade. In other words, that if we manufacture in this country all the articles required to supply ourselves, without importing any from foreign countries, then the latter will not buy our farm products or manufactured goods.

This theory might have some basis, as The Blade has shown time and again in the past, if international trade were the same as trade between individual persons. But it is not. The Frenchman who sells silks to American importers does not deal in American wheat, or packed meats, or any other of our exports; the importer in New York who buys of him does not have them to sell. Per contra, the English grain importer who buys American grain is not a dealer in manufactured goods. He buys foreign wheat when he can to the best advantage, without reference to where Americans buy the goods they need.

The American Economist has punctured this free trade fallacy. It shows, by the actual figures, its baselessness. Taking the statistics of our import and export trade for the fiscal years ending June 30, 1894 and 1895, as supplied by the bureau of statistics of the treasury department, it finds that our imports from European countries during the two years were as follows:

IMPORTS FROM EUROPE.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1895 | 383,686,842 |
| 1894 | 295,007,865 |
| Increase, 1895 | $88,608,977 |

Thus it appears that during the year 1895, since the Gorman tariff went into effect, we bought from European countries foreign goods worth $88,608,977 more than we bought in 1894. Having increased our purchases by this large sum of money in a single year we naturally turn to the figures of our exports, expecting to find that we have increased our sales of American goods by about the same amount of money, as should be the case were the Democratic free trade theory correct. But the facts are different. Here are the figures:

EXPORTS TO EUROPE.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1894 | $700,870,822 |
| 1895 | 627,975,133 |
| Decrease, 1895 | $72,895,689 |

It seems that during 1895 we sold to European countries $72,895,689 worth less of our American products and manufactures than we did during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894. In the year 1895 we spent over $88,600,000 more money in European countries, and they spent $72,900,000 less money in this country. We certainly bought more from them, but, instead of their returning the compliment, they bought less from us. Our loss for the year's deal under the Gorman tariff, which is only the first step toward free trade, exceeded $160,000,000. Under a lower tariff the disparity would be still greater. Thus is the free trade theory effectually disproved.

The Hawaiian government has done a good thing in pardoning the exqueen and forty-six others who were convicted on the charge of political conspiracy. It thus shows that it feels itself strong enough to ignore royalist plotters, besides performing an act of clemency and moderation which certainly should win over to it the disaffected ones.

A cigarette war may soon be expected. Twenty of the largest manufacturers of plug tobacco have decided to begin making cigarettes at once. They say their action is not a fight against the Cigarette Trust, but it is likely to result in lively competition for a while. If it would put an end to the cigarette, the nation would be benefited.

The committee on the commander-in-chief's address recommended to the Grand Army encampment that a test case be taken to the federal courts to establish the theory that a pension is a vested right. This ought to be done. Let the old boys find out "where they are at" in the eyes of the law.

Wat Hardin has quit talking about free silver at 16 to 1, and is endeavoring to bolster his failing cause by invoking the bogy of "nigger supremacy." It won't work, Wat. Even men as ignorant as Kentucky Democrats won't be frightened at so old a political scarecrow.

Adlai says "Alaska has a great future." That is probable; but it don't alter the fact that his party—the Democratic—abused Seward shamefully for buying it. If Democracy's foresight were equal to its hindsight it would be more of a success.

A Democratic newspaper says McKinley's chances of the Republican nomination next year will be imperiled if Ohio is not solid for him. Why so? Was New York solid for Cleveland in 1892 at Chicago?

The federal authorities at San Francisco have begun a systematic raid on Chinatown and will deport every Chinese laborer who can not show the proper certificates. This ought to have been done long ago.

The Ohio Liquor League and the anti-Saloon League will both have headquarters at Columbus during next winter's legislative session, and those members who want to stand in with both elements will have to do some lively dodging.

The Northern army which is invading the South is advancing into the interior. Last week it was at Louisville, and now it is moving on to Chattanooga and Chickamauga.

With 137,000 adverse majority Ohio Democrats are not supposed to take much interest in the opening of the campaign.

The Chicago Dispatch gives this version: "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and ship."

### THE GOLD RESERVE.

The withdrawal of $4,550,000 of gold from the sub-Treasury in New York, for export, and its effect upon the markets, strongly calls the attention of the country once more to the unsatisfactory, not to say perilous, condition of the nation's finances.

The peculiar thing about the gold movement is that no one appears able to give a thoroughly satisfactory explanation of it. The "par of exchange" is 487. That is to say, when bills of exchange sell at $4.87 for an English pound sterling, gold shipments become possible; it is as cheap to ship gold as to buy drafts. If the exchange rate goes higher than this, there is a profit in exporting gold.

The first cause of the heavy movement of the yellow metal is that our exports are small. Not only is their volume diminished, but the prices are low the world over, and the bills of exchange drawn against our exports do not meet the demand for funds payable in Europe. Second, there has been an unprecedented number of Americans traveling in Europe this year, and they have expended a total of not less than $100,000,000. Third, the bond syndicate disposed of a large amount of our bonds abroad, at prices lower than rule at present, and it is said a large number of these have been sent here to find a market, the demand being good, and the prices high. These are the factors which are causing the drain of the yellow metal to Europe.

This movement would be of no importance were it not for the fact that the Treasury of the United States is the holder of the gold reserve of the country. The greenbacks and Treasury notes of 1890 afford an easy way of obtaining gold in large amounts. All that is necessary is to present these notes at the sub-Treasury in New York, and demand gold for them. Were it not for them, the banks would have to rely upon themselves for the gold needed, and hence its shipment to Europe would have no effect upon the Treasury, nor affect the stability of our financial system.

From a business point of view, there could be no wiser step than for the government to retire these notes, and thus get out of the banking business. To minds of the Coxey calibre, governmental legal tender notes are the ideal circulating medium. They are a loan bearing no interest, and, hence are deemed cheap by peanut statesmen. The fact is, the greenbacks have cost us, as a people, many times their total volume since they have been in existence. It would have saved many millions to us had the greenbacks been redeemed and retired years ago. It would, at this juncture, be a profitable thing to do. And it is certain that some step of the kind must be taken, before our finances are put on a stable basis.

The heavy gold shipments make it more and more probable that the government will have to resort to another bond issue. Of course the Treasury officials stoutly deny that any such step is in contemplation, but it is clear that, if the outflow continues, the reserve can only be maintained by another bond issue, which will also serve to make up for the shortcomings of the present unsatisfactory tariff law. The purpose of such a law is to raise revenue. The Gorman-Wilson measure has so far been the creator of a deficiency instead of a revenue-raiser. It reduced the duties on the leading lines of imports to such an extent that, though our import trade is brisk, the duties collected fall short of meeting that portion of governmental expenses that they should.

Hence the Fifty-fourth Congress, when is assembles next December, will have two grave questions confronting it—the maintenance of the public credit, which is constantly menaced by the raids on the Treasury gold; and the amendment of the tariff law so that it will produce sufficient revenue to meet the wants of the government. The President certainly should recognize the perilous condition of the national finances, and, even at the sacrifice of some of his free trade theories, agree to some measure of relief, which it will be the duty of the Republican House to originate.

### DEMOCRATIC MONEY IN OHIO.

We have it from no less authority than the esteemed evening Democratic organ that Senator Brice has sent word to the Ohio Democratic campaign committee that his part of the campaign fund will amount to $200,000, and that the money is ready whenever it is needed. This is a large sum. As Senator, Mr. Brice receives a salary of $5,000 a year. Should he be re-elected it will be for a term of six years, and his total salary will be $30,000. He would have to remain in the Senate forty years to receive in salary the amount he proposes to place in the hands of the campaign committee.

How will Mr. Brice get his money back, and why does he give so much for campaign purposes, and how will it be used?

This same Democratic organ says Congressman Paul Sorg will also contribute $200,000, while Tom Johnson and John Thomas will each contribute $100,000. This will make a purse of $600,000 contributed by six men, and it is reasonable to suppose that an equal amount will be raised from other sources.

This, from Democratic authority, means that it is the purpose to buy up the state. Now will the esteemed Toledo Democratic organ give the public the manner in which this large amount is to be expended? It would make interesting reading.

President Cleveland did not attend the Louisville encampment and he will not be at Chickamauga this week. The President never did feel at home with the soldier boys.

Ex-President Harrison's favorite dish is said to be fried oysters. We trust this fact was not put in circulation merely to catch the votes of the oyster fishermen.

The third term talk still persists among the cuckoos. However, it is a necessity with them. There is no one else to talk about for the place except Cleveland.

The Chicago Dispatch says that if the Campbells are coming, they fail to get there with alarming regularity. This year they will get into the soup.

The logical Democratic candidate for next year is a Western Democrat with a sound money record. N. B.—There is no such Western Democrat.

It is said that President Cleveland is meditating a surprise for the country in the way of a vigorous foreign policy. That would be a surprise.

And still Grover don't say he wouldn't take a fourth nomination.

The rebel yell and the Union cheer mixed well at Louisville last week.

### BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

The great feature of the week past was the large gold exports, which amounted to $7,242,871, all but $20,000 to London, and all shipped in coin except $275,451 gold bars. As members of the famous bond syndicate took out over two millions of the gold, it became necessary for them to explain that they were not bound in any way to protect the reserve. Now there is talk of another bond issue by the Cleveland administration. On Friday, while things were in a muddle, Wall st. took fright and stocks broke badly.

While all this clouded the financial outlook, the country's great industries were prospering. Steel rails advanced $4 per ton—and not a single free trade shriek that the country is going to the dogs because thereof! Manufacturing goes on steadily in all staple lines, the demand for its products is good, and labor troubles are interfering but little with the progress of improvement.

There is a hopeful feeling that the depression in the prices of the leading cereals, due to the enormous crops, has reached an end. During last week, at Chicago, wheat sold at the lowest prices since the phenomenal advance from 52 to 82 cents in May and June. At 57 1-4 cents for December wheat, the low point of the week, the decline since the last week in July was 16 cents or more. At the same time corn for December delivery sold at 27 1-4 cents. This is a fraction lower than regular No. 2 corn has sold in the Chicago market for more than thirty years. Oats are selling relatively as low. But the close of the week saw an upward turn in prices, and the wiser heads look for higher figures from this time forward.

The weekly New York bank statement of Saturday showed a surprisingly large increase in loans—one of the surest indications of reviving and extending business—and a decrease of nine and almost a half millions in cash holdings. The reduction of the huge volume of unused money has been continuous during September, and the interior money markets, which have been crowding their idle money into New York, are now taking it out to supply the local demand for loans from business men. All this is cheering to all who look for a return of prosperous times.

In New York, call loans stood at 1 per cent until the heavy gold withdrawals of Friday sent the rate temporarily to 3 per cent, whence it receded Saturday to 1@1 1-2 per cent. Time money developed some slight activity towards the close of the week, and borrowers showed moderate concern as the future course of the market in consequence of recent developments in exchange. Lenders are still willing to make loans, but, perhaps with the same ideas as to the future that prevail with the borrowers, they incline towards the short-time dates. Little business has as yet been done. Rates 2 per cent for thirty to sixty days, 2 1-2@3 for ninety days to four months, 3@3 1-2 for five to six months.

In the New York stock market it was a week of somewhat violent reaction. It yielded slowly at the start, broke sharply on Wednesday's gold engagements, and rallied the same day on the $3,000,000 syndicate gold deposit. On Friday the entire list declined on the heavy gold withdrawals and the news that a syndicate firm was among the shippers. Railway bonds were weak, and marked declines were made. Government bonds were remarkably lower. On the bid price the new 4's registered declined 2 3-4, and coupons 2 1-2. The 5's registered and coupon were 1-4 lower each. This weakness was because of the belief that another bond issue is possible.

Silver was inactive last week. The London price fell a fraction, and the closing price in New York on Saturday was 67@67 3-4 cents per ounce for commercial bars, and 67 1-4@68 1-4 cents for government assay bars.

### THE G. A. R. AT LOUISVILLE.

Toledo Daily Blade, Sept. 11.

"The day of jubilee has come" for Louisville. To-day her streets resound with the tread of marching thousands—a tread still firm and manly, but without the elasticity of youth, the vigor of the grim determination of that of the same men, clad in federal blue, as they marched through the same streets, armed and accoutered, with their faces turned Southward, thirty-odd years ago. Then Louisville was the base of the invasion of the Confederacy. Through her streets marched the raw recruits who afterward won undying fame from Shiloh to Vicksburg, from Missionary Ridge to Atlanta and the sea.

The Grand Army of the Republic holds its annual parade to-day, and for the first time in the history of the order, its national encampment is held in a Southern city.

The occasion is significant in marking the growth of the then warring factions toward a common nationality after those dark years of conflict. Louisville was a southern city, and though the stars and bars never waved over her, her citizens were largely Southern sympathizers. The legions of the Union found scant welcome from them. The national flag floated from her public buildings, but it was there only because the strong arm of the military power kept it there.

But how changed the scene to-day! The banner of beauty and glory is everywhere. Its folds toss from roof and tower and spire, wave across the streets, and greet the eye at every turn. The stars and stripes are omnipresent—not placed there by the exercise of power, but by the free impulse of the patriotism, the loyalty, the hospitality of the citizens themselves, of whose hearty welcome to those they once looked upon its foes this display of bunting is but one part.

We doubt if there be in Louisville to-day one citizen, of Southern birth or antecedents, who really wishes the result of the civil war had been other than it was. Every intelligent Southern man can see that slavery was a curse, a blight, upon that quarter of the Union, and now rejoices that it was removed, though he may lament the destruction and desolation of the struggle. Then it cannot be forgotten by those who took part in that mighty conflict, whether they wore the blue or the gray, that to the majority of the American people of voting age the war for the preservation of the Union is but history. The fierce passions and prejudices it excited never raged in their bosoms. They know no North, no South, in the old sectional sense. The war is over; let those who took part therein on either side put away the last remembrance of bitterness, and rejoice to-day that the Union exists, indivisible and indissoluble. Esto perpetua!

The Defender is so good a boat that Mr. Iselin should take her across the Atlantic and beat the blarsted Britishers in their own waters.

Cleveland wants a third term. On such a desire he has a monopoly.

## NASBY ON SILVER.

The following letter was printed in The Blade in November, 1878, and, like the six previously given, was prompted by the impractical theories propounded at that time by many agitators:

**The November Elections of 1878.**
Confedrit X Roads.
(Which is in the State uv Kentucky).
Nov. 10, 1878.

I am entirely satisfied that I should hev bin happier ef I had never bin born. Life is to me an unendin suckesshun uv disasters. Occashunally ther is a gleem uv sunshine, a rift thro the clouds that envellop me, but it don't last. For sixteen long yeers I hev bin strugglin, wrasslin a backholt with disaster, and disaster hez ginerally flopped me. I am flopped now, and am so sore with brooses that it don't seem to me that I shel ever git up agin. It is a singler thing that disaster and I hev hed so many encounters, and that the result hez ever bin the same.

I expectid great things from the November eleckshuns. I hed hoped that the Dimecratic-Greenback noshun wood prevale in the States holdin eleckshuns, so that the experiment uv Fiat money in the corners wood be strengthened to the pint uv makin it a sucksess.

I wantid the people in the East and in the West, by their ballots, to insist that the bloatid bondholders shood take a back seat, that money shood be simply the creashun uv whoever chose to make it, and that every man shood hev all that he wantid. I hed hopes that the people wood pronounce in favor uv givin everything to everybody, and do away with labor, by makin labor onnecessary. In short, I hoped that the Fiat money uv the Cross-Roads wood be legalized.

* * * * * * *

The effeck hez bin disastrus on the prospecks uv the Corners.

Work on the Court House, Ship Canal and Raleroad hez bin suspendid. It went along well enuff, for a time. The men got into a habit uv demandin an increase uv wagis every day or two, and we met ther demands libraly. It didn't make a particle uv difference to us whether we paid a dollar a day or fifty. It cost jest ez much to print a dollar note ez it did a fifty dollar note, and ef a man felt richer with the fifty dollar note why not let him have it? The higher the wagis paid, the richer the community wuz gittin, becoz more money wuz gittin into circkelashen. But ther cum a time when we hed to hev a dozen spades, and a pick-axe, and without em the work cood not go on. The hardware deelers would not take our money for em, and we hed no other, and so for want uv ten dollars' worth uv spades and pick-axes, improvements involvin millions wuz brut to a complete stoppage! That money is all well enuff, but I would I hed the power to compel the people to take it whether or not. Legislashen is wat we want, but the result uv the November eleckshuns give me no hope uv that. I feel that we are going to be in the power uv the bond-holders for a time yit.

Then came more trouble. Bascom had hed an unparalleled run uv biznis, and taken every dollar uv Fiat money ther wuz in the Corners. I hed been printing it on wall paper for a week, and the day afore eleckshun I emptied my last scrap uv it hed bin exhaustid. I scoured the village to find suthin that cood be used in printin, but ez the people never indulged to any extent in the luxury uv wall paper, I coodent git any. In despair I went into Pollock's store, and begged him to sell me wat he hed on hand.

"Certinly," sed he, "for cash."

"I will give yoo," I sed, "exactly the money we hev, and I can't do more than that. How much hev yoo?"

"Ten bolts."

"Very good," sed I. "Now, Pollock, I will tell you wat I will do. We must hev more money, and we hev no paper to print it on. I will take them ten bolts uv wall paper, and I will print five uv em in one dollar bills for yoo, to pay for the other five. I don't know how many yards there is in a bolt uv wall paper, but I will spose that each yard will make a hundred bills, and that there is twenty yards in a bolt. Thus yoo will git two thousand dollars for a ten cent bolt uv wall paper. Kin yoo dispose uv yoor stock to better advantage?"

"But wat good will all those dollar bills do me?" wuz his onfeelin answer. "I coodent buy another ten bolts uv paper with a car-load uv it."

I then offered to print the five bolts up in two dollar notes, then in fives, and finally in twenties, and ez a last resort in hundreds. I showed him wat a millionaire he wood be. Five bolts uv wall paper printed up in hundred dollar bills wood make him rich, and it wuz within his reach. All I asked of him wuz to give me the other five bolts for the yoose uv the corporashen.

I shoodent hev been so liberal, but I hedn't hed a drink for four hours, and Bascom hed refoozed likker except for down payment, and hed put up the price to four times the weight uv the likker, glass and all, in five dollar notes. I wuz driven to makin any terms possible.

The monster wuz, however, inflexible. He laffed me to skorn. He refoozed the millyuns I offered him. He sed he wood sell the paper to me at ten cents a bolt, cash, or he would even give me credit for the five bolts.

This wuz a gleem uv comfort, and I eagerly accepted it. But he crushed me with these crooel words:

On credit, ef I wood give good security.

Security! Wat holler mockery! Wher cood I git security? And so I, with the meens uv makin millyuns in my hands, wuz redoosed to abject poverty for want uv fifty cents to buy the wall-paper onto which to print my millyuns.

The Corners is prostratid. Bascom hez the millions we hev printed, the citizens hevn't a dollar, and we can't git no paper to perdooce more currency. Wat we she do I hevn't the slitest idee. Ef I cood git the Louisville paper deelers to take our money for more paper, and of Simpson, the printer, wood go on and print it, taking his pay in kind, all wood be well. But ez we can't git any, we hev yoosed up all the paper Simpson hed, and ez he hezn't got anything to buy any more with except what the cold-harted and mersenary paper-merchants won't take, our case is hard indeed. We are roolned, and I spose we shel hev to return to the old kinds uv money. But wat will Bascom do with the accommulashen he hez on hand? I dread to face him.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Finanseer.

The increase of traffic on the Tehuantepec railroad, connecting the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, has caused orders to be given for ten locomotives and a large number of cars from the United States. The isthmus traffic is increasing, and demonstrating the need of the completion of the Nicaragua canal.

The Republicans of Ohio will see to it that the three duties of the party as mentioned by Senator Sherman are religiously performed. The Zanesville ticket will be elected, Joseph B. Foraker will be sent to the United States Senate and a solid delegation for McKinley will go to the Republican national convention next year.

During the summer a number of improvements have been put on the White House. The best one possible will be the substitution of a Republican President for the present incumbent on March 4, 1897.

At this time it looks like a neck and neck race between corn and coal as fuel in the West this winter.

### OUT OF THE COMMON.

Artificial ivory is now made from condensed skim milk.

It is said that a Dr. Jennie Taylor, the daughter of an American Methodist minister, has gone out to Africa as a "dental missionary."

Lieut. Bersier, of the French navy, has invented a compass which does away with the man at the wheel, the compass steering the vessel itself.

In California it has been found that peach stones burn as well as the best coal, and give out more heat in proportion to weight. The stones taken out of the fruit that is tinned or dried are collected and sold at the rate of $3 a ton.

Oil is no longer to be poured on troubled water. It is to be fired like a shell from a gun. As a wave approaches a shell filled with oil is to be precipitated in its direction. The shell will be perforated with small holes, so that the oil will run out slowly and continue its work for a greater length of time than would otherwise be the case.

The following advertisement is from a London sporting weekly: "Longships, handsome, flat-fooled, bandy-legged retriever dachshund dog, by Yacvhtsman—Tabitha; undocked; cleanly habits; masterpiece at rats, kills cats like a treat; fetches, carries, acts the goat, in fact, a real tricky dog; bevis sheep, will tackle a bull if encouraged, and goes a good bat when roused. Price moderate to a good home. Apply Mrs. Simkins, 31 Bruton st., W."

It is said that the Japanese have no swear words in their language. Their severest epithet is the word "fellow," and the term of strongest condemnation is found in the words "There, there!"

The St. Albans (Vt.) creamery handles the milk product of 20,000 cows, and the daily output of butter during the summer months runs from 12,000 to 20,000 pounds.

It is well known that a steamer's smoke can be seen on a clear day a long distance at sea, but how far has always been a matter of conjecture. Recent observations on the Pacific coast demonstrated that smoke from forest fires in Puget Sound was carried to San Francisco, more than a thousand miles distant.

In Spain exemption from military service may be obtained by the payment of 1,500 pesetas. The other day a worthy man presented a petition to the Queen Regent stating that he had already paid 15,000 pesetas for ten of his sons and requesting that he might be excused from paying for the other fourteen as he had no money left. His request was granted.

All the bright advertising ideas are by no means American in origin. A London dealer whose specialty is shoes for bus drivers has demonstrated their applicability for this purpose by keeping a pair in his window imbedded in a cake of ice—the public being invited to convince itself of their warmth by stepping in and feeling them.

Atlantic City's (N. J.) council committee on streets has reported favorably upon the construction of a forty-eight foot board walk with girders and supports entirely of steel. The new walk will form one of the grandest promenades in the world. It will be the widest and longest of its kind to be found at any seaside resort, and will cost $100,000. The present walk is twenty-four feet wide.

### NOTES ON POPULAR SCIENCE.

In a communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences M. d'Arsonval states that the electricity of the torpedo fish is produced by the organ itself and not in the nerves which control it. It is considered that some new light may be thrown on the nature of muscular motion by the experiments which M. d'Arsonval is carrying out on the electric organs of the torpedo.

The trustees of the British Museum have been presented by Prof. Saville-Kent with a valuable collection of Madreporian corals and sponges, which have been collected by himself in western Australia. The collection includes specimens of nearly every species. A few years ago Prof. Saville-Kent made a presentation to the museum comprising typical examples collected from every region of the coral producing waters of the Australian continent.

At a recent meeting of the Physiological Society of Berlin, Dr. Jaglinski reported on experiments made in conjunction with Dr. Sommerfeld, on bile from 115 children. Analysis showed that in comparison with the bile of adults, it contained more water and mucin and less bile salts. It contained no urea or ethereal sulphates; in the case of children who had died of diphtheria it was free from bile salts. Examination of the urine of children suffering from various forms of nephritis showed that it contained an abnormally large amount of xanthin compounds, which could not be accounted for by any breaking down of epithelial cells or blood corpuscles.

At the international conference for the protection of birds useful in agriculture, by helping to destroy injurious insects, recently held in Paris, most of the countries represented in Europe were present, and it was agreed that various measures should be taken to preserve useful birds and to protect their nests and eggs from destruction. A list of birds considered useful has now been published by the commission, and as this includes a number of our caged friends as well as other birds at present ruthlessly sacrificed for ornamental purposes, the trade in Birds in various directions will naturally be curtailed. We learn from the Revue Scientifique that a period of three years is to be accorded to the different countries, in order to allow them to arrange their laws in accordance with the principles agreed upon by the international commission.

### FOREIGN NOTES OF INTEREST.

Jean de Reszke and Sims Reeves first appeared as baritones and Mario as a bass. Mme. Calve, who is a pupil of Mme. Laborde, and not of the Paris Conservatoire, was at first thought to be a contralto.

One wing of the Hotel des Invalides is to be given up to the French department of war next January, and in time the navy department will also find room into the building, the invalid veterans being provided for elsewhere.

Lecocq's opera bouffes have so far brought in 4,486,795 francs and 50 centimes in receipts in Paris alone. Also "La Fille de Madame Angot" brought in 1,195,280 francs, "Le Petit Duc" 565,112 francs, and "Giroflé-Girofla" 255,000 francs.

Aristophanes Ecclesiazusae, the Congress of Women, is to be given in a French translation at a Paris theater next winter. An adaptation of his Lysistrata, with Mme. Rejane in the cast, had a success de scandale at the Odeon theater a few days ago.

Over 250 of the trees in the famous Orangerie of Versailles have perished during the last four years, including the Grand Bourbon, or "oranger de connetable," which dates from the sixteenth century, and the others are in bad condition. This is due, it is said, to their having been watered with a liquid containing injurious chemicals.

Prof. Richet publishes some figures of mortality from diphtheria in the Revue Scientifique, which seems to show that either the disease has this year taken a milder form or else Dr. Roux's serum treatment is effective. The deaths in 1881 in Paris hospitals were 1,400; from 1887 to 1891 they were from 900 to 960 a year; from 1892 to 1894 they averaged 732, in 1895 they were 228.

It is proposed to make Berlin a seaport by connecting it by canals with the river Oder. The Tegel See, to the west of the city, would be the harbor. There are no engineering difficulties, and only two locks would be needed. The cost for a canal 70 feet broad at bottom and 25 feet deep would be about 200,000,000 marks, or one-third more than that of the Baltic-North Sea canal.

### SOME FOREIGN NOTES.

The first white man to be hanged in Central Africa has gone to his reward. His name was Jones, and he was a renegade missionary who had made a fortune in trade. He was hanged recently in the Congo Free State for supplying munitions of war to the Arabs with which to fight his own race.

Wire ropes are not a modern invention. A bronze wire rope, one-half inch in diameter and from 20 to 30 feet long, has recently been found in the ruins of Pompeii. It is estimated that the rope is at least 1,900 years old.

A plan to line the Avenue des Champs Elysees with a hundred statues, more or less, of celebrated Frenchmen is under consideration in Paris. It is said to be encountering much opposition from artists and writers.

The common notion that there is a smell as of sulphur in thunder storms is formally verified by Sir Henry Tyler, an English scientist. He identifies the odor as that of ozone.

German experiments have confirmed the fact that there is a zone around fog signals, within which the sound cannot be heard, a fact first demonstrated in the United States.

Observations recently made on a criminal beheaded in France proved that the heart beats continued for six minutes after the ax fell.

In Europe Denmark is called the "Universal Hennery." The exports of eggs from that country average 111,000,000 annually.

Potatoes in Greenland grow no larger than marbles. While this may seem small, it is of heroic proportions when compared with the Democratic vote in Ohio this fall.

Sarah Bernhardt comes out against the new woman. This should give the movement in favor of the latter a big boost.

## THE TEN PRIZE WINNERS.

Below we give the list of club-raisers who are the winners of the ten grand prizes we offered to the ten persons who should send us the largest number of subscribers during the months of June, July and August

# THE BLADE'S SILVER DISCUSSION.

FIFTH PAPER—BY HORACE WHITE, ECONOMIC WRITER.

**A Plain Discussion of Fiat or Representative Money.**

The article below is very valuable in that it gives, in the plainest possible form, the truth about fiat, or credit, money. Mr. Horace White has a well-earned reputation as a vigorous writer, a clear thinker, and as an authority on all economic questions, especially those relating to finance.

## FIAT MONEY.

BY HORACE WHITE.

Fiat money is any legal tender money which passes for more than the material of which it is composed, is worth. The only money in this country which passes for exactly what the material is worth is gold money. If gold money is defaced with a hammer, or melted in a crucible, so that the government's stamp is entirely gone, it is still worth as much as before. In fact gold bars are worth a trifle more than the equivalent amount of gold coin, and the government charges a small premium for bars when it lets them go at all.

It follows that all the other kinds of legal tender money in the country, viz.: greenbacks, treasury notes and silver dollars are flat money, since all of them pass for more than the material of which they are composed is worth. The material of which greenbacks and treasury notes are composed is worth nothing. The material of which a silver dollar is composed is worth a little more than 50 cents. A while ago it was worth a little less. We may fairly say that it is worth 50 cents, the other 50 cents being fiat.

Silver dollars are, to this extent, metallic greenbacks. They are at par with gold because they are limited in quantity and because the government receives them as the equivalent of gold at the custom houses and tax offices; also for postage, for public lands, etc. The annual receipts of the government are about $450,000,000. The amount of silver dollars and silver certificates is about $400,000,000. The holders of these coins and certificates can always realize par for them by paying them to the government, since otherwise they would have to pay gold, or the government's gold notes. Receiving them for all government dues is the same thing in effect as redeeming them in gold.

One of the defects of fiat money is that it is incapable of expansion and contraction according to the wants of trade. Its volume is fixed, first by law and afterwards by the government's collections and disbursements. Within this limit the amount available for circulation will be more or less according to what the government takes in and pays out; consequently there may be a plethora or a scarcity at any time regardless of the real needs of the community.

The money of the country consists of all the gold, plus all the other instruments of exchange which are redeemable in it. It follows—and it has been proved by abundant examples—that a scarcity will be cured after some delay by an importation of gold and a plethora will be equally corrected by an exportation of it.

It is the proper business of banks to supply a deficiency, and to redeem and retire an excess of the circulating medium, as the case may be. There is a general understanding of this truth, and it finds expression in the common saying that "the government ought to go out of the banking business." Banking implies the receiving of money on deposit from certain persons and the lending of it to other persons for hire. This is common to all banks, but some banks add another function—that of issuing and redeeming circulating notes, which take the place of metallic money in the community. The former of these functions may be, and often is exercised without the latter, but the latter ought never to be exercised without the former, because there is no means of testing the needs of the community for instruments of exchange, except by holding them at the service of the bank's depositors. There is no other way for bank notes to get out of the bank, except as they are taken out by persons who have the right to draw checks on it. These are the depositors. Each depositor knows exactly how many bank notes he needs. He will draw out no more or no less, and when he has on hand any more than he needs, he will deposit the excess in the bank. As all depositors do the same, the needs of business are answered automatically. As the government has no such machinery, it has no means of squaring the volume of the currency to the needs of business. It has no means of knowing what the needs of business are, and if it had any it would still be without means of responding to them, except by taking a vote in Congress. After taking the vote it would still be without any method of placing the money where it was really needed. This is so obvious that the advocates of fiat money almost everywhere favor the per capita system. They say that the government ought to issue money on the basis of population. They would not, however, apply this rule to the Apache Indians. Why not? Because their business is not like our business. So it appears that the kind of business should be taken account of as well as the number of people. The government has an infallible test for the number of people, because it can take the census, but it has no test whatever for the state of business. Hence the per capita method is as ill-adjusted to trade and industry as the bed of Procrustes was to the size of its various occupants.

Another and fatal objection to fiat money is that its redemption depends largely upon the public revenue, i. e., upon the government's balance of receipts over expenses. If expenses are greater than receipts it is only a question of time when the redemption fund will be encroached upon. Then the question is raised how the fund shall be replenished. No question can be more disastrous to business interests than this. A few years ago nothing seemed more improbable than a Treasury deficit. Yet we have had one for two years and have been obliged to borrow largely in consequence, and the end is not in sight. Business men are in a chronic state of alarm lest the government should not be able to redeem its circulating notes in gold, or lest a political party should come into power on a platform of not redeeming them at all. There can be no real business stability while such fears exist.

Thus the redemption of fiat money is always liable to contingencies. The government may not be able at all times to redeem it. The government may not be willing at all times to redeem it, in which case it cannot be coerced, or fined, as a bank may be for a similar default. The national honor is a very poor substitute for the sheriff and his posse, to keep specie payments going, because so many people have to be consulted, and because different views prevail as to what the national honor requires. We have had some recent illustrations of this divergence of ideas between Congress and the Executive. The commercial world cannot wait for the settlement of conflicting views between different branches of the government on such a delicate question. Such differences tend to create panics and cause runs on the Treasury. This was the situation we were in at the beginning of the present year. The Treasury was within three days of suspension; that is, of bankruptcy. Nothing could avert that catastrophe except something which should quiet the public mind. A mere addition to the stock of gold, unless it were equal to the whole amount of fiat money outstanding, would have been utterly futile. The one thing needful was a replenishment of gold accompanied by a fall of sterling exchange, which should signify that gold shipments had stopped. A replenishment, with gold shipments continuing, would have been a mere prolongation of the panic.

There is a vast amount of floating capital in the modern world which seeks investment on call, or short time. It may be at New York to-day, at London a month hence, at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam, or other places, at short intervals, or divided among all of them. It is capable of being transmuted into gold and sent hither and thither at short notice. A very slight inducement will cause it to be turned this way or that way. It is always on the alert to make a profit or to avoid a loss, especially the latter. It was this sort of capital that was taking wings and leaving our shores, accompanied by a considerable amount of American capital in the same liquid state, last winter. The February contract stopped the panic because the owners of this floating capital knew that the syndicate, in addition to delivering the gold contracted for, could control the rate of foreign exchange for a while, thus giving excited people time to cool off. It was not the least desirable feature of the contract that it extended over a period of ten months. This was much better than the payment of the whole sum into the Treasury at once, since the main object was to enable people to forget their fears. Whether the contract will yield a net profit to the syndicate is not known. It is to be hoped that it may, but the question is not to be settled by a mere comparison of the issue price of the bonds and the price at which the syndicate sold them. It is desirable that the syndicate should make a profit, because we may be in similar straits and need help at some future time. In any case, the profit to the buyer of the bonds is a bagatelle in comparison with the enormous and incalculable damage, public and private, resulting from national bankruptcy. The whole affair instructs us to take the government out of the banking business as soon as possible, since the maintenance of the ultimate gold reserve of the country is a banking and not a governmental function.

How much gold is needed to keep all of our fiat money at par can be determined only by experiment. Fifteen years ago, we accumulated one hundred millions of gold to guarantee redemption of about three hundred and fifty millions of greenbacks. This was the proportion which prudent financiers judged to be necessary. The redemption fund was 30 per cent of the paper to be redeemed. We have gone on from that day to this adding to our stock of fiat money, partly silver dollars, partly treasury notes, till we have piled six hundred millions on top of the original three hundred and fifty millions. We have now nearly one thousand millions resting on a diminished gold reserve, the redemption fund being only six per cent of the fund to be redeemed.

Even this does not tell the whole story. Bank liabilities of all kinds are payable in gold, and the deposits constitute a far more pressing demand for gold, when a demand comes, than circulating notes, since the latter are presumably performing a necessary office in the community, and are not easily collected. When a depositor wants gold, he does not stop to collect greenbacks in order to obtain it. He draws his check and asks for gold. The bank can pay legal tender notes if it chooses to do so, but it will generally pay gold, because it desires to accommodate its customers. It is immaterial whether the customer himself takes the greenbacks to the sub-treasury and draws gold, or whether the bank does this for him. The bank may refuse to perform the service in a time of panic in order to check a run, but ordinarily it will perform it. So, as a matter of fact, bank deposits must be counted among the things which rest on the gold reserve of the country, but the gold reserve of the banks must be taken into the account also. This is really larger than that of the government, although the drain falls first upon the latter, and always will, so long as fiat money continues. The amount of deposits in national and state banks is about $2,400,000,000, and the amount of gold held by them about $208,000,000.

The greatest objection of all to fiat money is that it teaches people to believe lies. It creates the belief that the government can make money—that is, real, not representative, money—than which a more damnaging lie never gained lodgment in the human brain. It has kept political parties in hot water for thirty years. It is an obstacle to the nation's progress, and ought to be put out of its misery without further delay.

Horace White.

## Publishers' Column.

**NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.**

**It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.**

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

**Prices.**

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 dozen teaspoons | $1 2 |
| ½ dozen teaspoons | 8 |
| 1 dozen tablespoons or forks | 2 35 |
| ½ dozen tablespoons or forks | 1 25 |
| 1 dozen dessert spoons or forks | 2 0 |
| ½ dozen dessert spoons or forks | 1 0 |
| 1 dozen table knives | 2 0 |
| ½ dozen table knives | 1 0 |

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

## THE PIRATE.

I was a bloody pirate once, full many
years ago,
Though you that see my piety may
scarce believe it so;
I've sliced and hatcheted countless score
of helpless cherubims,
And hung their sighing mothers high
upon the cross-tree limbs.
Their fathers, fighting to the last, I've
forced into the sea—
Ah! there is naught by evil wrought but
has been done by me.
All this took place in that far time
when I was still a boy,
Yet even now when I think how, with
what blood-thirsty joy,
I scoured the wilds of Wasburn's pond
for merchant ships to burn,
I'd give a score of years—aye, more—
to be allowed to turn
The faded leaves of Times old book back
where they were that night
When father's slipper attacked my clip
per and put my crew to flight.
—Times-Herald.

## "COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

**AN EXAMINATION OF THE ARGUMENTS IT ADVANCES,**

**And a Discussion of the Propositions It Lays Down.**

There are thousands of people in the West who really believe that the coinage law of 1873 was enacted as the result of a "conspiracy." They think that "Wall street" (by which they probably mean the banks of New York city) and "Lombard street" (by which they probably mean the London banks) have conspired together to cause the world to adopt the gold standard; that members of Congress, leading public men and government officials, and the great newspapers of the country, have all been paid large sums of money to aid in this "conspiracy."

Now, there never was any conspiracy; there never was any bribery or corruption in any of these ways.

Wall street and Lombard street would not pay out great sums of money to get a law passed unless they expected to make that money back, and a good deal more.

Now, kind reader, if you have been misled into thinking there was and is such a conspiracy, answer us this one question:

How did these bankers make money through the adoption of the gold standard in 1873?

Answer us this, please. Show that they made money out of it, or you must admit your argument fails.

Now, let us look at the business of banking. How does a banker make his money?

A merchant buys his goods, and sells them at a profit. In fixing his selling price, he must consider several factors; the interest on the money invested in goods; rent, light, fuel, clerk hire, freights and advertising and insurance, the losses from bad debts, and other smaller factors. His selling price must cover these, and afford a margin of profit still, or he will make no money.

With a banker it is simpler. A bank receives deposits of money from its customers. On deposits for a stated time it pays a moderate interest. On ordinary daily deposits of men in active business, subject to being drawn out on checks at any time, as a rule interest is not paid. The money thus placed in bank is loaned out to business men or others who need it, on proper security, on interest.

The interest thus received must not only pay for the use of the money, but also pay rent, insurance, salaries of clerks, and minor expenses. The only way in which a bank can make money is through the interest it charges.

Now, let us look at this matter in the light of the charge of the Populists and free silver men that the adoption of the gold standard has enabled the bankers to make more money.

First, the rate of interest paid to banks is less now than it was in 1873. It has gradually fallen through the intervening years. Hence, if the volume of money available for loans in a bank is the same as it was in 1873, then it is plain the bank does not make as much money now as it did then.

If the contention of the silver men were true (but it is not) that the volume of money has decreased, the banks have not so much to loan, and hence do not get as much interest.

Now, note this fact once more; the rate of interest has decreased in all the great countries of the world since the general adoption of the gold standard. Money has never been in such abundant supply, or was loaned at so low interest rates, as since gold was made the standard.

This is a fact, incapable of disproof. Will any free silver man explain why it is so? Will he reconcile this fact with the free silver theories?

Now, who are the largest borrowers of money in the United States? The great industrial and commercial enterprises. Manufacturers borrow money to buy raw material and to keep at work until it can be manufactured into the finished product and sold. Wool, for instance, of this year's crop, is bought, to be manufactured during the coming winter into goods for sale next fall and winter—a year or more after it is sold by the farmer. Cotton is nearly the same. A similar rule holds with regard to all other manufacturing lines.

Billions of dollars are borrowed by our railroads on bonds. Our state governments, our counties and our cities are enormous borrowers, issuing bonds for the sums they borrow. In point of fact, a bond is the usual instrument of borrowing on the part of great corporations; a note is the usual instrument of borrowing by individuals, or by corporations on short time.

There are hundreds of millions of dollars loaned through bonds at 3, 3 1-2 and 4 per cent—the rate varying with the credit of the issuing corporation. Such a thing was utterly impossible in 1873.

If the adoption of the gold standard has led to a general lowering of the interest rate the world over, in all gold standard countries, has it been an injury or a benefit?

We leave the reply to our intelligent readers. Sure they will agre with us it has been a benefit.

Now comes some farmer from the West, with the argument that this does not fit his case at all; that the low price of grain has made farming unprofitable; that he has to borrow money, and that he has to pay 10, 12, 14, 18 or even 24 per cent a year.

His case is a sad one, but it is no argument against what we have stated above. Let us suppose that two men go into an insurance office to insure property. The first one has a practically fireproof structure, of brick and steel, as little wood as possible in it, heated by steam, lighted by electricity, no fires anywhere but in the furnace room, and so on.

The second has a huge three-story frame manufactory, as combustible as tinder; devoted to wood-working; full of shavings and sawdust, filled with machinery running at high speed—every possible danger from fire, and utterly impossible to extinguish if the flames once start.

The two structures are of equal value; yet the latter has to pay five or six times as much as the former for the same amount of insurance.

Why? Because the risk is that many times greater for the insurance company.

Now, it is exactly the same in the case of interest.

Men who lend money require two things; first, good security; second, a security that can be relied on to secure them the money on the day it is due.

Let us illustrate.

Call loans in New York have been for two years at 1 to 1 1-2 per cent. A "call loan" is one that has no fixed date for payment. When the lender demands it, it must be paid. It is secured by the deposit, with the lender, of stocks and bonds of the full value of the loan. If not paid before the close of banking hours on the day when the repayment is demanded, the lender sells these securities, and thus, within a half hour, receives his money.

How is it with a loan to a Western farmer, struggling against low prices? The only security he can offer is a mortgage on his farm, or live stock, implements and growing crops. The risk is far greater in this case. Then, the laws in these states militate against the prompt foreclosure of mortgages. If the farmer has ill-luck, and cannot pay at maturity, a long and expensive legal proceeding must be begun, and it may be a year or more before the lender gets his money. Because of these risks the borrower must pay a cut-throat rate of interest. That is the truth of the matter.

The cold facts are, that the volume of money in this country is far larger than in 1873; it is large enough for all possible requirements; the interest rate has fallen, and banks cannot get as large interest as they could in 1873.

Why, then, should they have entered into a "conspiracy" to cut off their profits? The question is absurd. There can be but one conclusion: that all this wild talk of a "conspiracy" is false, born of ignorance and fanaticism and demogogy.

We have now covered the main points of "Coin's Financial School."

We have shown, that while our first coinage law—that of 1792—provided for bimetallism, it only gave us that till about 1804.

The ratio of 15 1-2 to 1, provided by that law, was correct at that time. The silver in a silver dollar and the gold in a gold dollar were of equal value.

But silver fell, and by 1804 the gold in a gold dollar was worth more than a silver dollar. So the gold went out of the country as bullion, leaving only the silver.

This shows strikingly the impossibility of fixing value by law. The law said the gold dollar was worth only the silver dollar, but commerce said it was worth more.

So the less valuable money remained in circulation, while the more valuable was sold as a commodity. We went to the silver basis, and stayed there.

In 1834, Congress tried to remdy this. It changed the ratio to 16 to 1. But this made the silver dollar more valuable than the gold dollar. The silver went abroad as bullion, and left the gold here. The less valuable money remained in circulation only. We were on a gold basis.

At no time after 1804 did we have real bimetallism.

Hence, we never had an accumulation of both gold and silver as basic money. If "going to the gold standard" had any evil effects (which it had not) they should have displayed themselves from 1834 onward.

In 1873, Congress decided to fix gold as the standard, and deprived silver of free coinage.

It did a wise thing, and there has not been one iota of proof that it would be of benefit to try to reverse the process.

The following letter, from a Blade subscriber at Hutchinson, Kan., under date of September 12, tells the truth about "Coin:"

Editor Blade:—I think your arguments against "Coin's Financial School" are much plainer, stronger, and nearer the point than Horr's.

I have read and studied this question for over 30 years. I have read the financial systems of 20 nations or governments, and think I know when the facts are properly given and errors exposed.

Every fact, figure, date and circumstance referred to by Mr. Harvey you will find in Mrs. Emery's "Seven Financial Conspiracies," which had as great a sale as "Coin's Financial School." It was published and sold for the purpose of defeating the Republican ticket in 1892, and aided and assisted in Democratic success. Mr. Harvey got every idea in his book from the "Seven Financial Conspiracies," as you will find by a comparison.

The main object of his book is to defeat our ticket in 1896. This is the reason why Democrats have espoused the sentiments of Harvey's book. Like its predecessor, it is adroitly written, but is rotten Democracy from top to bottom—just enough truth and reason to catch political suckers, and a great many have been caught.

You must expose this similarity of the two financial daisies.

We do not doubt Harvey got his argument at second hand. He went into it as a speculator, and made money at it. But his books are drugs on the market now. Their sales are nothing at present.

The fact is, the free silver crusade is over. It will die out, as all other fallacies have done. It has injured the best interests of the people, all because they will not remember two facts which cannot be overthrown:

First—That all primary money obtains its only value from the market price of the precious metal in it.

Second—That no law can create value in anything.

THE END.

## A UNIQUE FOUNTAIN.

**The Ingenious Way in Which Water May be Provided for Fowls.**

This simple and really excellent device deserves the attention of every man that has fowls on his place. It is customary to place open earthenware pans in the yard and fill them with water for the fowls to drink. This water soon becomes stale and dirty, and besides it evaporates rapidly, and has to be renewed often.

Instead of that primitive arrangement, suppose you try the one here illustrated. Against the fence or a wall fasten in a suitable manner a champagne bottle filled with water, and turned upside down. Let the neck of the bottle come within, say, half an inch of touching the bottom of an earthenware platter or, better still, let it reach half way from the rim of the platter to the bottom. Of course, some of the water will run out of the bottle, which is what you desire, but when the surface of the water reaches the neck of the bottle the flow will stop. As the fowls drink, the surface of the water is lowered, of course, but fresh air enters the bottle and more water comes down, thus keeping the water in the platter at a uniform depth.

A POULTRY FOUNTAIN.

Fix one or more of these fountains in the shade at convenient places, and you will add very much to the comfort of your fowls.

## TO CHRISTEN THE BABY.

**THE FASHIONABLE FESTIVITIES IN ITS HONOR.**

**Attendant Upon the Naming and Baptizing of a Child.**

Once a baby is launched in the family's heart and life, its name very properly becomes an important question, one deserving of debate and arbitration. All through life it is a sort of handle to one's personality, and after reflecting upon the fact the parents should also remember how impossible it is to escape from an ugly, tiresome cognomen, says Florence Wayne Ellis in the Chicago Record.

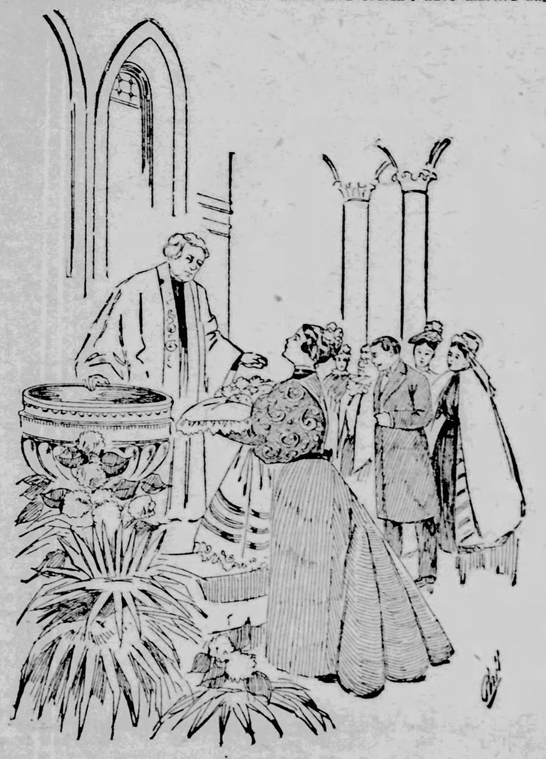
Once Tommy's name is chosen, a day should be settled upon for the baptismal rites or gay christening party. Next comes the serious perplexity of selecting suitable god-parents, a matter of almost as great moment as the name itself.

The child has already a claim upon would wish to strengthen the bulwarks that are to protect and guide the little life in case death or misfortune should remove their own solicitous care, these foster parents should be the strongest, most honorable man and woman, close to the family in bond of interest and friendship. It is a bit of sentiment that the clergyman who united the hearts and hands of the parents should perform the first rite for the little one.

**Witnessing the Sacred Rite.**

At a recent smart christening cards of invitation had been sent out ten days in advance bidding friends to the reception, a smaller card inclosed to the nears and dears to be presented for admittance to the church to witness the sacred rite itself.

The ceremony took place at noon exactly, and from the fashionable, well dressed assemblage at the church one



AT THE CHURCH.

would have fancied a marriage was being solemnized. The mother wore an exquisite toilet of catalpa lilac and white silk. The godmamma appeared in a confection of Trianon pink and father and his godpapa wore the regulation afternoon clothes, gray trousers, with long black coats, high hats, etc.

On this occasion the attendant was a buxom, rosy-cheeked nou-nou, in the picturesque French costume of her blood kindred, and since the parents class, who stood holding the young gentleman who was the center of attraction.

**His Majesty's Appearance.**

His majesty, a perfumed bundle of sheer lawn and costly lace, reposed on a big square pillow of white satin embroidered with a wreath of white sweet peas, three orchids interwoven at the upper left-hand corner.

A jabot of valenciennes lace edged the charming cushion, while great rosettes and flowing streamers adorned

THE RECEPTION.

the corners, and a square of tulle, very like a miniature bridal veil, overspread the radiant pink and white loveliness of the child.

The christening was followed by a brilliant reception given at the home of the infant. It was all like a miniature wedding.

Mysterious packages had come in response to the cards; these were opened with eager curiosity in advance

**The Pearl Luck String.**

by the mother and god-mother elect, revealing a hoard of wealth and beauty. Spoons, porridge bowls, rattles, buttons, pins, there were in bounteous profusion; but a tiny box, marked: "From the Fairy Godmother," attracted interest.

**The Pearl Luck String.**

It was only a small velvet box inclosing a single unset pearl; it seems each year the fairy godmother presents this single pearl until the 21st birthday, when the luck string is complete, and the man child has then in possession a talisman for happiness in this his bride's gift, while a female has a necklace blent in charm and purity with no more tears.

Another gift conspicuous for its novelty was a charming little book entitled "The Baby's Biography." It was bound in white satin, embellished with tiny cupids, and inside were charming pictures and a page whereupon to register each happening of baby's life, his first tooth, his first laugh, his first step, and then his first day at school, and so on until the 21st birthday, when most mothers consent to release their babies from the nursery of their hearts. Besides the sentiment the book has a very practical value, for beyond recording all the happy events, it gives space wherein to register illness and indisposition, so that in later years the child may look over these incidents and estimate its constitution physically and probable strength and endurance.

**A Regular Snap.**

"What is Smith doing now?"
"He is traveling with a circus."
"Pretty hard work, isn't it?"
"No; he has nothing to do except to stick his head into the lion's mouth twice a day."—Texas Siftings.

## A PRIMEVAL SCRAP.

**Mrs. and Mr. Adam Have a Few Words at Breakfast.**

Adam and Eve were experiencing a slight domestic difficulty.

"If I had known it was going to be like this I never would have married you," she sobbed.

"Don't worry about that, my dear," he responded. "I'm not enjoying it any more than you are."

"There you are again. You haven't the slightest regard for my feelings."

"Oh, but I have, my dear," he sneered. "I am sure I don't pay attention to any other women, and you can't say that I ever said your biscuits weren't as good as my mother made."

"You never had a chance," she snapped at him.

"That's all right," he nagged, after the fashion of husbands who try to put a great deal of meaning into what there really is none in; "but just the same I wasn't particularly unhappy before I ever met you."

"Neither was I before I met you," and her face grew red and white in spots as she sparred with him.

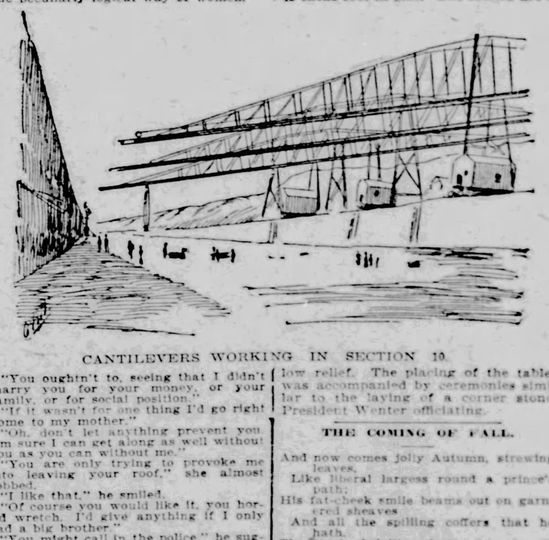
"Aw, well, now, my lady," he said, with more or less scorn, "I guess you weren't much before I married you."

"I guess I was about as much as you were. You couldn't have married anyone else."

"How do you know I couldn't?" he retorted. "You weren't keeping a tab on me before you met me, were you?"

She wasn't making much headway, and she realized the fact.

"Well, I don't care," she answered, in the peculiarly logical way of women.



CANTILEVERS WORKING IN SECTION 10.

"You oughtn't to, seeing that I didn't marry you for your money, or your family, or for social position."

"If it weren't for one thing I'd go right home to my mother."

"Oh, don't let anything prevent you. I'm sure I can get along as well without you as you can without me."

"You are only trying to provoke me into leaving your roof," she almost sobbed.

"I like that," he smiled.

"Of course you would like it, you horrid wretch. I'd give anything if I only had a big brother."

"You might call in the police," he suggested.

She knew he had reached the silly point of the quarrel and she saw her way out of the whole thing.

"Anyhow, dear," she said, as a smile came through her tears and made a rainbow on her face, "there's one thing you can be thankful for, and that is that your mother-in-law doesn't live with you."

"Darling!" he exclaimed joyously, and folded her to his throbbing bosom.—Truth.

## HOW TO KEEP A MAN'S LOVE.

Do not buy his cigars.
Do not buy his neckties.
Do not buy his suspenders.
Do not crease his trousers.
Do not ask him at breakfast what he wants for dinner.
Do not insist upon his going to church simply to please you.
Do not insist upon receiving company that is uncongenial to him.
Do not wear a bonnet when he thinks you look better in a hat, and vice versa.
Do not tell him that your boy, if you have one, takes his temper from him.
Do not ask him when he comes home in the evening what he has been doing all day.
Do not insist in his giving you the same attentions he gave you before you were married.
Do not cross him in his opinions. For heaven's sake let him think he is smarter than anybody else.
Do not tell him what your dearest woman friend has said about her husband's good qualities.

**Condition Confronted Him.**

Lonesomeby—Hello, old man! Thought I'd come around and condole with you. My wife is also away.

Widowly—Don't be sarcastic. It's not the loneliness that worries me, but the matter of letter writing.

Lonesomeby—How so?

Widowly—Well, if I fill my letters with declarations of love, and tell her how much I miss her, she'll come home to enjoy the sentimentality at closer range; if I write an indifferent letter she'll come home to see what's the matter; and if I don't write at all, she'll come home to see if I've run off with another woman. So what's a man to do?—Truth.

**Day and Night.**

Oh, fierce as rocked with fever, and aflame,
Was that long, sullen, scowling day to me;
And bitterly I rose; oh, harsh exclaim:
"Begone! Begone! torturous enemy."
But when I saw rise up the dun of night,
And all the lights fled out beyond the pine,
I called me out in terror and affright,
"Come back, thou smiling day, sweet friend of mine!"

## THE DRAINAGE CANAL.

**THE COMPLETION OF SECTION 10 OF THE BIG DITCH.**

**The Tremendous Obstacles Overcome in Building It.**

On September 3, Chicago celebrated with much rejoicing the completion of Section 10 of the great Chicago Drainage canal. This section is 6,000 feet, or one mile and 240 yards, in length. The upper end of it is 263 feet southwest of the Cook county and Will county line, and one and a half miles below Lemont. At its lowest end the channel makes the sharpest curve in its whole length toward Lockport. This curve is 10,325 feet in length, and has a radius of 9,549 feet, and 2,662 feet of Section 10, at its southeast end, are in the curve.

Section 10, like all the other rock sections, has a width of 160 feet, but its depth, owing to the topography of the country, is not so great as that of some other sections. The deepest cutting is on section C, where the depth is 48 feet, while the average depth of Section 10 is 33 feet. The slope in the bottom of section 10 is only three and a half inches.

This section includes more than the drainage channel. The channel for miles above and below Lemont is traversed many times back and forth by the old bed of the Desplaines river, and the river diversion, or new river bed runs for this whole distance parallel with the channel and 100 yards northwest of it. The work on Section 10, therefore, included the excavation of the channel and of the adjacent 6,000 feet of river diversion. The width of the channel is 160 feet, and the material to be excavated from it was 31,104 cubic yards of glacial drift, and 1,141,270 yards of solid limestone rock. The river diversion is 200 feet wide, and has an average depth of three feet, and the material to be excavated from it was 30,310 cubic yards of glacial drift and 58,276 cubic yards of solid rock. The total material to be excavated, therefore, was 61,414 yards of glacial drift and 1,199,546 yards of solid rock.

Section 10, however, is not the first section to be finished, for that honor belongs to Section 13, just below Romeo. This section was begun three months later and completed two months sooner than Section 10. But there were good reasons for its being finished in two years seven months and six days instead of in three years like Section 10. It is only 5,000 feet in length and includes no river diversion. The material excavated was only 35,000 yards of glacial drift and 1,053,700 yards of rock. While, therefore, the contractors deserve credit for the work they are not to be regarded as being the fastest workers.

The public exercises were held down in the channel of Section 10, near the center of the northwest wall. A platform for speakers was erected half way down. In a recess in the wall a large granite with the following inscription was placed:

Cook County. | Will County.
THE SANITARY DISTRICT of CHICAGO.
Section 10.
GROUND BROKEN
September 3, 1892.
COMPLETED
September 3, 1895.

This tablet to comemorate the event is 6x4x2 feet in size. The letters are in low relief. The placing of the tablet was accompanied by ceremonies similar to the laying of a corner stone, President Wenter officiating.

## THE COMING OF FALL.

And now comes jolly Autumn, strewing leaves,
Like liberal largess round a prince's path;
His fat-cheek smile beams out on garnered sheaves
And all the spilling coffers that he hath.
The thud of falling fruits, too ripe to cling;
Drum music makes for his plebeian state;
About his path a blackbird rabble sing,
Upon whom alder'manic robins wait.
He sprinkles round him showers of berry blee,
And tweaks the generous ears of stately corn.
He thumps the answering melons learnedly,
And flatters apples flushing like the morn.
Thus plods he, chuckling, down the sunlit lanes,
Assessing what the Spring had hoped to clear,
And levying on the Summer's heavy grains—
The general tax collector of the year.
—Rupert Hughes.

**Woman who Talks Only of Her Fad.**

No dinner table is well appointed without good talkers; and the basis of interesting conversation is reality. After a course of London dinners Sir Walter Scott said: "The bishops and the lawyers talked better than the wits," that is, the wits talked for the sake of talking, and the church and the law had something to talk about. Yet specialties and hobbies are not admissible at a dinner table, and a woman who can only talk on her own fad has no busines in society. She ought to write a pamphlet, or go on the lecture platform, for any conversation at the dinner table that is a strain on the attention or the patience soon becomes a bore. Indeed, one of the chief elements of pleasant company is a readiness to talk, or to be talked to, on any rational subject.

**A Determined Explorer.**

John J. Ingalls is being held up as the only man in the country who goes out with a dark lantern and a blood hound looking for a boom of some kind.—Washington Star.

You See Them Everywhere

HYACINTHS. TULIPS.
ELEGANT FLOWERING BULBS.
Sent by Mail, postpaid, at the following special prices:
3 named HYACINTHS, different colors, fine, for 10 cents.
4 " TULIPS, lovely sorts, all different, " 10 "
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## ALONE IN HIS MISERY.

A DESPAIRING CRY.

The old man at the summer hotel speaks.
Oh, bliss!
Oh, perfect bliss!
And kiss,
I wouldn't miss
For forty moments such as this!
For still,
My will
Is good,
But in this man-solitude
My strength, though great,
Is quite inadequate
To meet
The wild, tumultuous swirls
Of lovely, sweet,
Insistent summer girls,
Those eyes of black,
Those eyes of blue,
Those eyes of gray,
And hazel hue;
The golden hair,
The black and brown,
The sunset red,
And auburn crown
Of womanhood; those soft white hands
No fellow better understands
Than I do how to press,
As I confess,
Oh, gentle dove,
Her none but her I love,
And the silver moon,
In sweet attune,

"HOW NONE BUT HER I LOVE."

Beams on us with her kindly smile.
Meanwhile,
Next my lady,
In that same rilvery light,
It is a different one!
Good Lord, when will it all be done?
When
Will there come other men?
Or is it that at any cost
I've got to take it, till the frost
Nips with an eager air these swirls
Of sweet, insistent summer girls?

**He Didn't Dare Drown.**

A fat, middle-aged woman, with a voice between a grunt and a groan, sat on a bench at Piedmont with her twelve-year-old boy and watched the bathers splashing and sputtering around the tank, says the San Francisco Post. The heat was sweltering, and the boy begged and pleaded to be allowed to go into the water. He promised to pull all the weeds out of the garden, to carry in wood for a week without being told, and to wipe the dishes every night. "No; I'm afraid you'll drownd," declared the cautious mother, but her words were evidences of indecision in her voice. If she had said, "Shut up; you shan't," the boy would have known his fate was sealed.

"I'll wheel the baby every morning," he added, by way of a further bribe.

The frt woman mopped her perspiring face hooked at the crowd, and snapped:

"Well, go on; but if you drownd you can't blame me."

The boy was soon splashing and paddling around. He had assured his mother that he could swim a little, and she eyed him narrowly to find out if he had been lying. The boy had gotten out into deep water, where his head went under. His mother thought it was merely one of the boy's tricks and kept her seat. He came up all right, but looking frightened, floundered a moment and went down again. He was under a little longer and bubbly came up where his head ought to be. Up he bobbed again, splashing and trying to cry for help. He was just sinking for the third time, when his mother sprang to the edge of the tank, and, shaking her fist at the boy, screamed:

"You, Simon Peter Bates. Don't you dare drownd, or I'll lick you alive."

The boy struck at the fist and heard the threat and, with his face contorted with fear, kicked out desperately and kept afloat till some of the bathers lifted him out. The terrible threat saved his life. He didn't dare drown.

**Robert-Bob.**

Patronizing Old Gent—What is your name, my little man?

Young Innocent—Robert, sir.

"But what is your other name?"

"Bob."

**Perhaps Both.**

The trouble about the pensive man is that you never can tell whether he is thoughtful or only ashamed.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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### THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day and all night I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound
As the tireless wheels go always round.

Busy, ceaselessly, goes the loom,
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom.
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click! click! there's a thread of love wove in;
Click! click! another of wrong and sin—
What a checkered thing will this life be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one—
Or to-morrow; who knoweth? Not you nor I.
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver! the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end, we know;
And some day the last thread shall be woven in,
God grant it be love, instead of sin!

Then are we spinners of wool for this life web—say?
Do we furnish the weaver a web each day?
It were better then, O kind friend, to spin
A beautiful thread—not a thread of sin.

## A LACK OF REVERENCE.

### SOME HISTORIC PLACES ARE WORTHY OF PERPETUATION.

### Hoarding Old Things Because They Are Old, a Folly—Some Mistakes of This Kind.

It is often said that, as a people, we of the United States of America lack reverence, that in the never ceasing rush for the new things, the old is quickly forgotten, pushed aside out of the sight. Indeed, it is somewhere declared that an American will plough over the field in which reposes the bones of his ancestors from the most remote to those of nearer date, if it be a necessity in order to put through a new enterprise "with money in it." In a way that may be true, and yet (I think there are few, no matter how much they worship the shining dollar, who would not carefully remove these remains to another place as good but out of the road of financial progress.

Of course it is a matter of sentiment, but it is a sentiment which we respect and it is right to do so when it is not carried too far. I confess to having very little sympathy with the feeling that leads to hoarding up of old things because they belong to the past, and have nothing else to commend them. There are some historic relics which are valuable and interesting, but many of those which are so carefully treasured might better be consigned to the flames or scattered to the four winds.

When in Plymouth two or three years ago, after visiting the rock "upon which our Puritan fathers landed"—a rock which Sophonisba thought must have afforded a very insecure footing—we went to a building in which had been gathered a most heterogeneous display of old articles which were said to have been brought over in the Mayflower. I stood and looked at them, trying to put myself in the attitude of mind to repeat with fervor Mrs. Hemans's lines:

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer—

but in spite of my effort, the dinginess, the worthlessness, and the ugliness of most of the collection were more apparent to my thought than the poetry and grandeur of the character of those who once used the articles. I said something like this to Sophonisba, and the Other One who was with us, whereupon Sophonisba quietly remarked that as with the Irishman "there was probably something in my constitution that was left out." The truth was—I have so far kept this secret—I found far greater pleasure and inspiration in standing upon the crest of Monument Hill, looking far out over the rolling sea whence the wanderers came and thinking of what their coming meant to the world then and now, than in gazing upon any collection of historic articles there, or even on the one in the old South Church in Boston. Not but that there are interesting things in some of these places, but there is a sort of charnel house atmosphere about them to me, such as makes me glad to get into the open air again as soon as it is decently possible. And why should it not be so, when the magnetism left with them by their long-ago possessors is still lingering about them, a confused but subtle element which has more or less effect upon those who come within its influence. There is, perhaps, more in this than we may be willing to admit.

In the preservation of some things connected with the past I have much sympathy. It was like "treading upon holy ground" to go into the house in Concord in which Emerson once lived and worked, while Thoreau and Hawthorne, Alcott and Margaret Fuller had been frequent guests. And I hope when the Sage's immediate descendants have passed away the old place will still be kept in order, that later generations, to whom the teachings of Emerson will mean even more than they do to the present ones, may make their pilgrim journeys there. It can be done, for when things perish, as they inevitably will, they can be replaced by others fashioned in the same way, in order to keep the picture of the past complete.

This is what has been done with the old Carlisle house in England recently. It was after much difficulty, however, for the lovers of the Sage of Chelsea seemed few when it came to a money interest in a memorial of this kind. A great meeting was held at the Mansion House, London, but only a small sum was collected, so small as hardly to warrant the purchase of the old brick house at Cheyne. The matter seemed to drop out of sight, but the London correspondent of the Boston Budget writes that the purchase has finally been made, so that the home of this truly great man will be preserved in perpetuation of his memory.

The rooms had been a good deal altered by the dirty old woman aforesaid, so that many repairs were necessary, but these have been made with great care, and at the present moment, the house undoubtedly stands in about the condition that the dyspeptic sage left it. The dining room, drawing room, bed room and the noted study at the top of the house, where the history of Frederick the Great and other famous books were written, have all been reverently restored. Even the walls of the rooms have been recolored in accordance with the colors familiar to the author, and the relics which Mrs. Alexander Carlyle took away after Carlyle's death have been returned to their old places. Those include the bedstead and hangings, a fine book case with nearly hundreds of his books, and the manuscripts, tables and other furniture with which Carlyle and Jane Welsh fought their "not unvictorious" battle of life. The bed room in which Emerson slept—a very plain and unassuming chamber—has been carefully restored, and in the dressing room the stick and odd-looking chimney pot hats which were so familiar to the residents of Chelsea in their walks along the river, are still to be seen.

Undoubtedly the indifference of the English public to this matter arose out of a dislike to Carlyle's personality, pictures of which were greatly exaggerated, but later on when they have had time to fade away, the great work which he really did will be appreciated by the many, instead of, as now, by the comparative few. Then it will be a delight to wander through the rooms where he lived and wrote, and into the little garden in which he passed so many hours.

This is a different thing from gathering together in a mass old things that are really only in a passing way identified with their owners, and carry with them always an odor of decay. Preserve historic places and things, but keep them, so far as possible, where they were used by those whose memory it is desired to perpetuate.

One thing I want to call here. There are people who keep things, not especially for any pleasant or historic associations, but because there is a chance of their being useful in time to come. In nine cases out of ten the sometime never does come, and every available corner is filled with what is verily trash, for moth to corrupt if corruptible, or to otherwise fall into decay. I have seen attics and barns stored with a mass of old things, that if of any use when placed there, had lost all value. Such money collectors are accumulators of dust and dirt if not frequently cared for, and body and brain exhausters when they are. Their existence is generally forgotten even if an occasion comes for their employment, and they lie there utterly useless to everybody.

When a thing is ready to be put away into the attic to make room for something newer and better, it is also ready to be finally disposed of, either thrown away or given to some one who can utilize it to present advantage. If any one has the magpie tendency of saving old things for a possible future need, or because they are too good to be cast out, break away from it; give to those who need, and destroy the remainder. There is a deeper spiritual reason for taking this course than the reason I have mentioned, but these are strong enough if one thinks them over carefully.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

### WITH A SILKEN PURSE.

If this were a fairy gift, dear,
And I were a fairy, too,
The purse should never be empty
The whole of the long year through.

The longest summer day, dear,
And the longest winter night,
The purse should be always heavy
And your heart be always light.

But the fairies have flown away, dear,
Alas! that the words are true,
And there's nothing to fill the silken mesh
But the gold of my love for you.

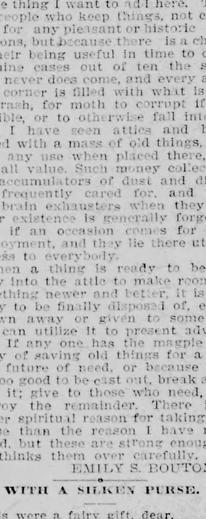
—Mary Elizabeth Blake.

### FREAKS AND FANCIES

#### For the Household Ladies to Follow in Their Leisure Moments.

**Fancy Bag.**

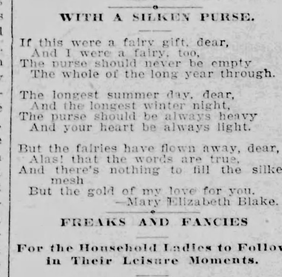
This is for the bits of crochet or knitting work that ladies sometimes like to "pick up" during an afternoon's visit with intimate friends. The bottom of the bag is made of six pieces of card-board cut like the petals of a flower, and covered with yellow satin. They are six inches long, and are joined at the sides for about four inches, allowing the tops to spread a little. The stem is of wire, wound with green silk, and the leaves are of green satin. For the top of the bag make a chain of crochet silk, long enough to reach around the flower portion at the top of the joined sides and fasten in a ring. Make 1 d. c. in every other stitch, with 1 ch. between. In all the other rows work 1 d. c. in every space with 1 ch. between; make



as deep as you like and finish with shells of 5 d. c. stitches each, caught down by s. c. stitches to make them lie flat. Run ribbons through the rows of stitches at the top. Any other colors may be used—blue or pink for the flower and cream for the bag is very dainty.—B. B. Taney.

**Tumbling Tommy.**

Take a man's stiffly starched cuff and close it at the back with buttons or several strong stitches. Draw a face upon the upper part of front of the cylinder thus formed, and fold a narrow strip of white [illegible] with turned-



down corners to represent a collar just below the face. Cut a circle of ladies cloth, flannel or light-weight suiting, large enough to "full on" to the bottom of the cuff, and a straight piece of the same material to form Tom's coat, which, being adjusted, covers the edge of the collar and bottom pieces. Cut arms and legs of the same cloth, sew them at the top and bottom of the coat, furnishing them with hands and feet cut from an old kid glove, or painted on cardboard. Finish the coat with two buttons and a neck tie. For the cap, take a piece of scarlet cloth, the same size as the circular bottom piece; fasten a tassel in the middle of it, and after putting a glass ball inside Thomas's anatomy, sew the cap on, covering the joining with a band of ribbon if desirable.

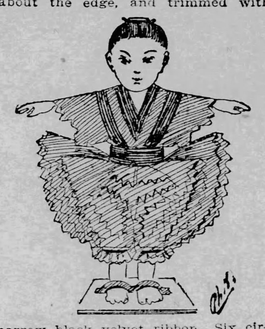
Now set your ironing board against the table at an angle of 45 and put the manikin at the top of the inclined plane. If you are not surprised at his antics you must be a stoic.—R. D. Kalus.

**Brush-Broom Holder.**

Paint two large butterflies on cardboard, cut them out in relief, make holes in the wings on both sides, and tie the two butterflies together by the wings with ribbon bows. Attach a ribbon to each side of the holder to hang it up by. The broom brush is held in place between the two butterflies.

**Japanese Penwiper.**

For this unique affair, take a small Japanese doll, and secure her attendance by fastening her by the feet with a narrow strip of cloth to a standard of light wood or heavy card-board, covered with cloth or tinted with water-colors. For the trousers, take two straight lengths of black silk caught about the ankles with yellow ribbons to form a frill and gathered closely and fastened about the waist. The shawl is a three-cornered piece of yellow silk or cloth, unevenly notched about the edge, and trimmed with



narrow black velvet ribbon. Six circular, notched pieces of yellow cloth, folded to form quarter circles and fastened firmly by the corners to the front sides of the doll, form the penwiper. A black velvet belt, and patch on the head, finishes the model. Different colors may, of course, be used, but in view of the Japanese flag, black and yellow seems most appropriate.—Ching Ling.

### INTERESTING LITERARY NOTES.

#### A Book Already Published and Others Soon to Appear.

It was some time ago announced that Varina Anne Jefferson Davis was writing a novel, and as considerable interest is felt in her because she is the daughter of the President of the old Confederacy, and because she is said to be a bright and pretty girl, the appearance of the volume challenged public expectation.

The Veiled Doctor which the Harpers recently issued, has Miss Davis as its author. I have been studying what I might, with truth, commend in the work. It shows some facility in writing, some originality in plot, but it is decidedly unpleasant reading from first to last.

The hero is Dr. Wickford, a young man of high degree, with money enough to let him do as he choose in his profession. He marries a beautiful girl who proves herself without any moral sense, until at last the direst suffering develops it, who lies to her husband, and in a general way goes on badly until his love is turned into hate. Then he discovers that he has cancer of the face, and to prevent difficulty from his end to avoid comments from the neighbors, he puts on a mask of black crape, which he wears until the horrible end. The closing scenes of his life are described in a very realistic manner.

Miss Davis has talent—there is no doubt of that—and I hope she will prove it by writing another story that will have some healthy tone. Surely there is enough in life to furnish a plot that is not so full of horrors, and that will mean something of good to the reader in the way of amusement, morality, or art.

The detective story which Miss Wilkins wrote in collaboration with Mr. J. E. Chamberlin, of the Youth's Companion, and won the prize of $2,000—I believe it was—has the dramatic name of The Long Arm. The title which she chose for it originally, was The Story of Sarah Tomkins, which sounds far more like the author than the one finally employed.

It is the tale of a tragedy and the way in which the truth regarding it came to light. The plot was suggested to Miss Wilkins by the Fall River murder, when a daughter was accused of killing her parents. In this tale an elderly man was murdered, and his unmarried daughter was suspected of the crime.

While the story is very good, as it must have been to win the prize anonymously, those who know, say that it is not equal in merit to her character tales of New England life. However, the public will soon be able to judge of the matter for itself.

The author of the Yellow Book, whose pen name is Victoria Cross, has written another story which will soon be published by Roberts Brothers, of Boston. It is entitled A Woman Who Did Not, and will appear in the Keynote Series. According to The Bookman, her real name is Miss Vivian Cory, and she lives in the country near London.

John the Beloved, is the name of the new novel from the pen of Katherine Pearson Woods, which is nearing completion. It deals with the life and times of Jesus of Nazareth, and is said by those who claim to know, to be exceptionally fine.

Admirers of Edgar Allen Poe will be glad to know that the cottage at Fordham, in which he lived most of the time the last few years of his life, has been purchased by the Shakespeare society, of New York, and will be preserved as one of the literary landmarks of the country.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

### MAKE-OVERS AND FASHIONS.

A corespondent writes that she has a pretty but very old-fashioned silk skirt, black ground work, with plaids of pink. It is much too narrow for the present style of skirt and she does not quite know how to utilize it to the best advantage.

There is no style at present in which you can make this into an up-to-date skirt, for though it is said that they will use a different front breadth in many fall and winter dresses it is a chance if your skirt would even then cut over well. The best way is to make a handsome waist of your silk, and then get a black silk or alpaca skirt to wear it with. Make a crush collar of plain pink, and if you like you can put in broad Vs, to which the full fronts and back are gathered and cover that with black spangled lace. Do not make the sleeves of extreme size, but nearer a medium, as it is quite likely the winter styles will be somewhat modified, and even if they are not, the sleeves which look as if an effort had been made to see how much cloth could be used, are neither pretty nor becoming.

The full portions of sleeves are usually stiffened a little, with light tarleton or with paper muslin.

Skirts are still made very full around the bottom. The people who do not care to go to extremes, have them four and a half or five yards around. Some put a single row of feather bone under the binding in order to make it stand out well.

Never mind, Jennie, if the girl you do not like has a waist like yours. It would be next to impossible in these days to prevent that, and you can make yours look entirely different by wearing pretty lace or chiffon collars, yokes, etc., with it, and it will be more becoming at the same time.

So much or so little can this may be made to mean, this gathering together and telling each other what life with its experiences is teaching us day by day; so much if we come to the Cosy Corner with an earnest desire to help others as well as to be helped; so little if it be only a selfish matter after all, and too much trouble to write and do what each is able to put strength and interest in the weekly gatherings.

To-day the door opens into this new department—not so new as to be strange to those familiar with the old plans, but with a broader scope, and yet cozier and warmer with affection for all who enter in. It has received its name because so many mentioned it as desirable, and because it expresses the hospitable thought that this shall be the meeting place, not only of mothers and housekeepers, but where fathers, husbands, sons and daughters may feel welcome to enter in and relate their experiences and their opinions in the good old-fashioned way. Come one, come all, speaking briefly upon topics of general interest, and do not make the mistake common to modest people of thinking that your thought and your methods are of no interest to others. On the contrary they may be exactly what some one needs to know.

Among the possibilities of the near future is a course of reading by the editor expressly for the Cosy Corner if there should be enough desiring to take it to warrant the labor of its making. Other features, some to amuse, and some to instruct, will be introduced from time to time, and if the friends of the Household will take a living and working interest in its success this may be the cosiest corner in all the world. One thing more. It is proposed later on to have a pledged membership similar to the Merry-Go-Round organization among the young people, but with an entirely different purpose. First, however, "let us counsel together" in this familiar way.

Aunt Jerusha comes with some solid good sense to comfort and help the friend who is discontented with her country life:

I want to say a few words to that dissatisfied one who lives in the country. Your trouble is discontent and homesick. I have been through it all, a great part of my younger life was spent in just such discontent. It took me years to find out that I was only an ordinary person; that if I had any extraordinary talents the world would soon find it out. In the meantime I commenced to pay attention to smaller things, though less of the grand pedestals from which to avoid comments from the neighbors, he puts on a mask of black crape, which he wears until the horrible end. The closing scenes of his life are described in a very realistic manner.

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pants of the Cosy Corner, and a very seasonable paper on window gardens from her graceful pen will be given soon.

What do the Household sisters think of the idea of having a "picture gallery" in our corner, giving each week a sketch and picture of one of the sisters, beginning with our esteemed editor?

I wonder who wants to catch a glimpse of Miss Bouton more than I. Please let us take a vote on it, with our editor's permission.—Primrose.

While the editor will not promise to commence the list with her own picture, she will be glad to have the pictures of some of our valued contributors, among them Primrose, for the Cosy Corner. Those who win the prizes which will be offered from time to time later on will also be welcome in this way.

To the young mothers who have come to our cosy corner we will now introduce "Mary," whose advice in regard to the care of the little ones is so sensible and practical that they can safely follow it:

"I am afraid many naturally delicate children suffer for lack of proper care. I do not mean that they are neglected. Their mothers do a great deal, and sacrifice time and strength willingly, but they do not know how to nurse and care for them as they ought to be cared for, that they might grow strong.

A young baby needs quiet, and should not be taken out for long drives, as he becomes very tired in that way. He must have plenty of fresh air, however, and if the weather is pleasant, should be taken out a while every day.

The lightest, softest flannel is the best for baby's underclothes; cut them so that all the weight hangs from the shoulders, instead of being bound tightly about his body. I have found it easier to dress him, when all the little garments open in the back. Put the shirt sleeves through the armhole of the skirt, and into the dress sleeves; then slip the clothing over the head, put the arms through the sleeves, button a few buttons, and the task is done. I would not like to advise a mother to discard the band entirely, although many have done so, without injury to the child. I would prefer a knit silk band to the inelastic muslin ones so often used.

The most important thing a baby has to do during the first months of his existence is to grow. In order to do this under the most favorable circumstances, he must eat, sleep and be bathed by the clock. The mother must see to it that the utmost regularity is enforced. If you have a set time for each of these things, you can be pretty certain when he cries what he is crying for, and not try to feed him when he is not hungry, or to get him to sleep when he is not sleepy.

When, for any reason, the little new comer is denied his natural food, I would advise mothers to give him lactated food. It proved to be just the thing for my babies, after cow's milk and various other things failed to give satisfaction. Increase the quantity used very gradually, as he grows older. Under two months of age he should be fed every two hours during the day, and not quite so often at night. The nursing bottle must be kept perfectly clean, otherwise its contents will sour, and the child will be ill. After each meal it should be emptied, rinsed out, and the nipple and bottle placed in clear water, or in water in which a little soda has been dissolved. It is a good plan to have two bottles and use them by turns. The best kind is the plain bottle with a rubber nipple and no tube.

When a baby has cut her first teeth and does not seem satisfied with the allowance of food that up to that time has contented him, the diet must be increased.

This does not mean that he should have a "taste of every thing." It seems incredible that after all the warnings doctors have given on this subject there are still mothers and nurses who believe that it "strengthens" the baby to eat a little of everything of which their parents partake. When this monstrous proceeding disorders the child's digestion they are an easy prey to cholera infantum, which so often takes the little ones to the better world. Begin by giving oatmeal which has been cooked a long time, and strained to remove the husks; sago, wheat bread soaked in beef broth, and well cooked rice, in addition to the lactated food. Very small quantities should be given at first until the child becomes accustomed to the changes. Do not give meat, vegetables, or rich cakes and pastry. Salt should be added to all food, and a little sugar to any kind of gruel, as it helps to increase the deposit of fat.—Mary.

As we wish this department to be helpful in all directions our friends are especially invited to send inquiries on any question of domestic economy, and we again urge that those who may be able to answer these inquiries will do so at once. In order that their information may reach those for whom it is intended in season to be of use to them. Do not hesitate to write lest some one else may have sent answers.

Among the questions asked this week Charlotte Fleck wishes information in regard to training schools for nurses—she should write to the principal of the school at the Toledo Hospital, Toledo, O., inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

Mrs. Lelah G. asks that some one send a list of books suitable for the amusement and instruction of a child in the third reader grade; something the child can read and understand himself, adding that "we busy mothers have no time to read much to our little folks." This opens the way for the question as to whether it would not be wiser for the busy mother to leave some other duty undone and take a little time for rest for herself and for the pleasure and instruction of the little ones.

A Blade reader writes for a cure for "mange," as he has a pet dog that is suffering with that disease.

Miss Ada B.—Write to Miss Sarah J. Clark, Christian Scientist, Tenth st., Toledo, O.

Annie Hope wishes directions for preparing a window garden. When should she begin it, what plants will be best flower producers, and general directions for the care of such plants. She has south and east windows and one north window to use.

King's Daughter asks that some one will send something her circle can use at an entertainment. Dancing and anything in the lottery line not allowed.

A Would-Be-Student would be very grateful to any one who would advise him what books to study in his spare time this winter. Is 20 years old and has had very few advantages; is obliged to work till 6 o'clock every day, but has his evenings for study. Is not able to pay for instruction so cannot attend evening school.

Can any one tell what has become of "Leanna Lee," "Florence Eustis," "Rose Geranium," "Mollie" and the "Farmer's Wife" who asked for cooking recipes so long ago? I wish they would come again, their letters were so good and helpful.—Mrs. James McK.

The editor joins in that wish.

Will Primrose, or some one else, tell me if the colors of flowers can be changed by placing charcoal or any other substance around the roots?—Curious.

Ethel:—Sweet oil, 3 ozs; oil of lavender, 1 dr. Apply to your hair morning and evening. A tea made out of sage is good to wet the hair to prevent its falling off.

If those suffering from asthma will take a muskrat skin and lay over the lungs, turning the fur side next to the lungs, they will not be apt to be troubled with the complaint again.—Bina.

A Blade Reader:—If you will scald the fruit jars and covers and put your fruit in while these are still steaming hot and screw on the covers at once your fruit will keep with no danger of mold forming on it.—Mary Helen.

### THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

#### Fill the Heart of Their Chaperone With Pride and Thankfulness.

The subjects at present under discussion by the Order of M. G. Rs. are as follows:

Washington: President, Mr. Frank Goodwin, Walla Walla; subject, "Resolved, that the contemplation of nature tends more towards happiness than all other studies combined."

Indiana: President, Miss Laura Gibson, Delphi; subject, "The New Woman."

West Virginia: President, Miss Mary L. Matlick, Cecil; subject, "What Constitutes a Friend?"

Michigan: President, Miss Lela A. Peters, Brooklyn; subject, "Which is preferable, city or country life?"

Illinois: President, Miss Victoria Green, Toledo; subject, "What is the best method of self-culture?"

Tennessee: President, Mr. Newton C. Myers, Myers; subject, "Will the Tennessee Centennial make up for the disgrace brought upon our state by the last legislature?"

Pennsylvania: President, Mr. R. M. Humphrey, Fisher; subject, "Is dancing more hurtful than helpful, and why?"

Colorado: "Has Christianity done more to civilize the world than all other causes combined?" President, Miss Josephine Williams, Box 41, Brookside.

Missouri: President, Miss Flora Culver, Dawn; subject, "How shall we teach patriotism?"

Nebraska: President, Mr. S. S. Kaufman, Greenburg; subject, "How and why do you like the floral emblem (golden rod) adopted for this state by the last legislature?"

Kansas: President, Mr. Will C. Millikan, Independence; subject, "Describe the 'Eve of the Nineteenth Century' as it appears to you."

Ohio: President, Mr. Walter Wright, West Liberty. Members are invited to send short sketches of events or places of local interest at their homes.

Iowa: President, Miss Carrie M. Kepner, Independence, care Hospital; subject, "From observation what do you consider the happiest period of one's life?"

Minnesota: President, Mr. E. Francis Atwood, Simpson; subject, "Should Hawaii be annexed to the United States?"

South Dakota: President, Mrs. Annie M. Beals, Alcester; subject, "What is your idea of the coming woman?"

Wisconsin: President, Mrs. G. W. Cook, Black River Falls; subject, "Is deception justifiable under any circumstances?"

New York: President, Miss Margaret Williams, Adams Center; subject, "Would our country be better and our politics cleaner if women were allowed to vote?"

Oregon: President, Miss Nora W. Lydon, Central Point; subject, "Are the men of to-day as chivalrous as the knights of old?"

**Chaperone's Confidential.**

First of all, Miss Prudence asks her boys and girls to save the above list of subjects so that they will be posted concerning the discussion in their own state.

Next week we hope to publish a sketch and photograph of the president for New York, Miss Margaret Williams, of Adams Centre.

Excellent reports have been received from Indiana, Iowa, Tennessee and West Virginia, and will be published as soon as space permits.

Among the long list of good subjects offered by our state presidents that from West Virginia, while very simple, embraces a great deal. Miss Prudence hopes to hear a full expression of opinion upon it.

Judging from "hear-say," Miss P. had formed the idea that a chaperone's position was far from being pleasant, but she has made up her mind that it all depends on the young people whom she has in charge. For herself, she finds the situation growing pleasanter every day, what with the loving letters she receives, the hearty commendation bestowed upon her efforts, and the steadily increasing interest manifested in her work itself. These reports from the different presidents show a decided improvement over those at first sent, and as the members become better acquainted with the purpose of the organization, she feels sure it will prove the success she longs to see it. Only one thing remains—she wants every one of her young people to wear the order's badge, so that wherever they go they will not only be recognized by each other, but by every one who has heard of the M. and of their motto. The Masonic emblem entitles all who wear it to assistance from fellow Masons, but our badge entitles us to give help and comfort "In all the ways we can, to all the people we can," without regard to membership ties. Show your colors, so that every one who needs your help will feel at liberty to call upon you, Merry-Go-Rounds, and be sure that your Chaperone appreciates your ready assistance and hearty good will.

The following new members were admitted to the order this week: Freda Fern, Leon, O-2-B-Sure, Olive Delight, Sweet Brier, Marie, X-10-U-S, Little Eva, W. Owen, and Jessup.

These old members answered to the roll-call: Old Maid, Lorraine, Black Star, Mongrel, Allie, May Marrow, and Inda.

Dakota Bachelor must please send his full name and address if he wishes to enter the circle.

Sirayo must accept the advice given above before her pleasant letter can be used.

C. L. Kirby:—The Tennessee report is already in my hands. I will add your opinion to it this time, but must ask you to send your paper concerning the new subject to your state president.

W. Owen:—If you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Chaperone, she will tell you "all about the order."

Little Eva, Oregon:—"I think the M. G. R. a great improvement in The Blade, and agree with Captain Nemo in regard to dancing and reading novels."

Leon, Mo.:—"With some degree of timidity I come before the chaperone, asking for admission to the circle, which has lately come into such prominence. If I am permitted to survive this bold act I may call again, in the not far distant future."

Freda Fern, Ind.:—"I go to school six months in the year, and like all my studies except arithmetic, which I can not help detesting. I dearly love music, and aspire to be a music teacher. I live on a farm, and at present am very much interested in raising little chickens and turkeys."

O-2-B-Sure:—"I am a Hoosier girl, 18 years old, and have only been in New Mexico two years. I expect to teach school this fall, and attend the state university this winter. I think San Igotus a rude little fellow. My favorite poets are Longfellow and Carleton; and I am fond of music and flowers. The prairie is covered now with beautiful golden rod."

Olive Delight, Ind.:—"I live on a farm in the gas region of Indiana, and teach school six months during the year. As we are required to teach the effect of alcohol and narcotics in our schools this year, I am anxiously waiting to use my influence in this direction. I am opposed to dancing, card-playing, wearing bloomers, novel reading and wearing birds on our hats."

Marie, W. Va.:—"I have read the M. G. R. column with interest, and this week the letters are so very entertaining that I have a longing to see the 'Merry' ones, and give them a hearty handshake. If the initiation is very severe, I may not be able to undergo the treatment; but if such is not the case, and I am welcomed to the circle, I shall come again."

X-10-U-S, S. D.:—"I belong to the great army of teachers and though some of our members find fault with the profession I do not; we cannot of course please everybody, but if we do our duty we shall be bound to please some. There are always 'kickers' everywhere; there seem to be a few of them in this circle. I hold that one must get up a proper amount of enthusiasm in their work, if they wish to enjoy teaching; as a great professor once said: 'There are too many poor teachers, and not enough good ones.' There is always a good place ready for a good teacher."

Sweet Brier, Ind.:—"I live in the gas belt of Indiana, and some day, when Miss Prudence is in a particularly good humor, I will give you a description of my home and the beautiful country surrounding it. If Dame Fashion had racked her brain from now until eternity could she have found a more disgraceful fashion than bloomers? As I cannot tell whether those wrinkles on Miss Prudence's forehead are caused by frowns or suppressed laughter, I will take no further risks."

Jessup, W. Va.:—"I will attempt to tell the circle something about the salt sulphur springs here in Webster county, W. Va. Less than fifty years ago, what is now the thriving little town of Addison, the county seat, was in the midst of an unbroken primeval forest. At the junction of the Elk and Back Fork rivers was a 'lick' to which the elk, deer and buffalo made great roads up and down the rivers and mountain-sides. In course of time, as the country around began to be settled, the 'licks' attracted attention, and finally a company was formed, and the manufacture of salt begun. At the depth of about 300 feet the drillers struck a vein of strong-smelling, curiously tasting water, to which was given the name 'salt sulphur.' In a short time this water became renowned for its medicinal qualities, and its great curative properties, and at present is so widely known that the little village with its eight hotels cannot accommodate the crowds of people who annually seek this 'fountain of youth.'"

Black Star, W. Va.:—"I ask how many of the M. G. R.'s will meet me at the soldier's reunion at Middleport, O., September 25, 26 and 27? The Ohio and West Virginia soldiers will meet there with the expectation of having a good time. We have a Japanese visiting here; he attends school at Bethany, this state, and is lecturing here during his vacation. He can speak and write our language and his own, but his reading and singing sounds very funny."

Old Maid, Wis.:—"J. M. A. I would like to see some of your specimens showing native gold and silver ores."

Lorraine, Ill.:—"I am glad the flag will float over our schools this year. It will teach the children to be loyal to it. My grandfathers both marched under the Stars and Stripes, when our country was in peril, and I love the dear old flag."

Mongrel, Mo.:—"U. No. Hoo, do you not suppose an elephant's brain would weigh more than yours? Then you must admit he is the more intelligent! Webster's brain weighed 53 1-2 oz., James Fiske's 58 oz., which possessed the greater intellect? I can see no excuse for any one under 40 years of age not being able to read and write, and believe that a foreigner should live in this country 21 years before he can vote. Aunt Nell is just right on the dancing question."

All communications for this department should be addressed to: "The Blade, Toledo, O., O. M. G. R."

### SLEEPY TOWN.

In Sleepy Town
They think a night-cap worth a crown,
And there the law commandeth peace,
And all good people take their ease;
A wise old owl, big-eyed and brown,
He is lord mayor of Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town
The wheels are shod with elder-down,
The pavements are all soft and wool;
The quiet there is beautiful;
A bumble-bee in gold-black gown
The beadle is in Sleepy Town.

In Sleepy Town
Black shadows never fall or frown,
Nor do they feel the sunshine's glare;
But gentle twilight reigneth there.
While poppy scents blow up and down
The gardens fair in Sleepy Town.

For Sleepy Town
We'll mount a cloud of vapor brown,
We'll close our eyes and fold our hands
And call a wind from distant lands;
Over valley's rim and mountain's crown
We'll float away to Sleepy Town.

—From "Poems," by Joseph O'Connor.

### THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

Poor old Ben, the last of your race!
Your years are thirty-six, and they are nearly numberer; and somewhat like your master, you are not as lively and spirited as you used to be; not the sleek "Black Bonnie" as when we traveled over the Western world; but Ben, we have not forgotten your faithful service to us and ours in the years that have gone. Though I say it to your face and without flattery, you have always been a kind, true and faithful friend and servant (or rather, companion), and now, in your declining years, you shall be cared for, stabled and housed warmly and fed on the good things of the land, and he that puts saddle or harness on your back for servitude shall suffer for his audacity, for both you and I have earned our keep for the rest of the time the "Great Good Spirit" has vouchsafed to us.

I am pained, Ben, to see your nodding head and drooping ears. Your ribs and hips I now can see through the yet glossy coat of black. Your great great an cestor, was "Little Black Nelly," once the bonded slave of the great chief and "medicine" of the Ottawas, Che-bance, and when I, but a boy of seven years, purchased her liberty for ten silver half-dollars, I became the friend and master of your race, and well you and your every kin have repaid the trust—by a faithful and kindly servitude to me and mine. And I here repeat to you that you shall have faithful care, as heretofore, and when the end comes, you shall have a respected sepulchre. For nearly three-quarters of a century you and your ancestry have served me faithfully and well. Many dangers and difficulties have we passed through together. Many flooded streams we've swam. Many an icy bath have we enjoyed together. Many a campfire's lonely hours in the drear and darkness of a winter's night have they shared my lot when we hovered together near the blazing fire in the depths of the forest, both for warmth and protection against the howling wolf, more in fear of the wild savage brute than of the winter's frost.

Ben, your master was younger then. Your great ancestor was spry and active and not cowardly, but the howl of a pack of wolves, or even one wolf, is enough sometimes to raise the hair on one's head. Yes, Ben, but you never heard the howl, for it was before your time; it's terrible to be alone in the depths of a great forest, in the darkness of the night with a pack of hungry wolves howling all round you, and near enough to you that you may see the green of their eyes in the shadowy light of the campfire, and when nothing but the blind torch, the crack of the rifle would keep the savage brutes at bay. Your great ancestor, Ben, has shared these scenes with your master on more than one of these seemingly endless nights.

But Ben, wake up, you are dreaming. Wake up and listen. I'm telling you the history of your honored ancestors, yes honored. One Uncas (by name) sleeps on the western bank of the Great river; the waving grass of the plains covers the grave, with a marble slab at his head; he there laid down his faithful life for me and his kindly and faithful life of servitude and companionship was not forgotten and the marble marks his grave. He, with others of your race, have carried me safely over the long trail that stretched far on toward the setting sun (when the white man and his train of canvas covered wagons were unknown, beyond the "Big River") and almost to the "Foothills of the Rockies," across plains and rapid streams, and when the lives of those dear to me were in jeopardy; yet always brave and always faithful.

But Ben, all are gone now; one rests here on the little grassy knob near where you were born, and another there just over the hill, and the grass grows green above them now. Ben, I'm relating this truthful history of the services of your ancestors to you, but I am not ashamed to repeat it to my children, or my friend. I would that man was as faithful to his fellow man as you and yours have been to me and mine.

But they call you brute in the books, Ben. They may call you brute, but I cannot. I must call

# The Sunday School.

**Aids to Specific Study.**

LESSON 13, SEPT. 29, 1895.

Golden Text: There hath not failed one word of all his good promise, which he promised by the hand of Moses his servant.—1 Kings 8:56.

**Titles and Golden Texts.**

Golden text for the quarter: God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46:1.

I.—THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all they heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.—Luke 10:27.

II.—THE GOLDEN CALF.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.—1 John 5:21.

III.—NADAB AND ABIHU.

Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee.—Lev. 10:9.

IV.—JOURNEYING TO CANAAN.

Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.—Num. 10:29.

V.—THE REPORT OF THE SPIES.

The Lord is with us: fear them not.—Num. 14:9.

VI.—THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.—John 3:14.

VII.—THE NEW HOME IN CANAAN.

Thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee. —Deut. 8:10.

VIII.—CROSSING THE JORDAN.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.—Isa. 43:2.

IX.—THE FALL OF JERICHO.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days.—Heb. 11:30.

X.—CALEB'S REWARD.

He wholly followed the Lord God of Israel.—Josh. 14:14.

XI.—THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.—Heb. 6:18.

XII.—JOSHUA RENEWING THE COVENANT.

The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey.—Josh. 24:24.

XIII.—REVIEW.

There hath not failed one word of all his good promise, which he promised by the hand of Moses his servant.—1 Kings 8:56.

**Review Hints for the Intermediate Teacher.**

The quarterly review might well be introduced with recitation of the golden text, asking scholars to tell some of the things promised to Israel. Explain that, nearly five hundred years after Moses, King Solomon reigned in Jerusalem. When the great temple was finished, it was dedicated with rejoicing. In Solomon's prayer and thanksgiving were these words we repeat to-day as our golden text. You remember that the Jews were once in bondage as slaves. In what book do we have the story of their going out of Egypt? What is the meaning of "exodus"? What is the first book of Bible called? There we have the story of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the beginning of the Jewish nation, called the children of Israel. Whom did God choose to be their leader? How did the Israelites cross the Red Sea?

Sinai—Fifty days after the people left Egypt, they were encamped before Mt. Sinai (use map). What can you tell of Moses on that mountain? What could the people see and hear? What do we call the 10 laws which God spoke, and wrote on stone, and gave to Moses on Sinai? How many of these are our duty to God? How did Jesus sum up all the ten in what he called the first great commandment?

The Golden Calf.—How long was Moses on the mountain? What did the people ask Aaron to do? How did they disobey the commandments they had promised to keep? What did Moses ask when he prayed God to forgive them?

Strange Fire.—After the people were punished (how?) for false worship, led by Aaron, who went to the golden altar and offered common fire in their censers? How were they punished? What is forbidden in the golden text of that lesson? We are taught by the story of the calf Aaron made, and the false worship of his sons, that we are to worship God truly in his own way.

The Ark.—How were the people shown when he was to go, or the time to rest, while they were in the wilderness? God had promised to be their guide, and the pillar of cloud by day and fire by night was plain to all that great multitude. But there was yet more to show that the Lord was present with them. The golden ark, made as God directed, was carried by the priests when the moving cloud gave the signal to march. What was in the ark? Why was the lid called the mercy seat? What did Moses pray when the ark set forward? What did he ask when it rested?

Valley of Eshcol.—What was done to find out all about the people in Canaan,—the land, and what grew there? What did ten of the spies report? Which two of them encouraged the people? Why did they say they should not fear? What did the spies bring from the valley of Eshcol? Were the people satisfied with what Caleb and Joshua advised? How were they punished for their fears and unbelief? How many years were they to wander in the wilderness? How many grown men were to live to enter Canaan? Where did Aaron die?

Fiery Serpents.—How were the people fed every day for forty years? When they left Mt. Hor, after so long a stay in Kadesh-barnea, not far from the promised land, why did they have to go all around, and not cross, the land of Edom? What discouragements had they in the hot, sandy desert? How were they punished for their complaining? What did Moses lift up in sight of all the bitten, suffering ones? What did Jesus say of Moses and the brazen serpent in the wilderness? Which book of the Pentateuch gives accounts of the numbering of the people?

The New Home.—When, at last, the people were really in sight of Canaan, how did Moses teach them to thank God for the "good-land" promised, and soon to be their own? We have learned much of punishments for sin, for idolatry, for disobedience, of times of hunger and thirst, of disease and death; were these trials any part of the good things for which King Solomon gave thanks? Hard as they were to bear, if you will read the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy you will find the reason why these trials were sent, and find the blessings which far outnumbered them. In that book Moses warned them to love and obey. What is the meaning of "Deuteronomy"? What were some of the ways in which words of the law were to be constantly in sight, that the people might "observe and do"?

The Jordan.—When Moses was dead, and, with Joshua as their leader, when they came to the overflowing river, how did they cross into Canaan? Where was the ark? What memorial was left at their camping place? When did the manna cease? What strong walled city was in the way of possessing the land? How was Jericho conquered? When, after years of war, the land was divided, who was rewarded because he "wholly followed"? What provision of mercy and care was made for any who by accident or misfortune had destroyed another's life? After Joshua had ruled the people for twenty-five years, what was his last counsel to them at Seehem? What did all the people promise to do?

We have studied in this quarter the history of the people for sixty-five years. How many of them were spent in the desert? What have we found in all the story to lead us to be trustful and obedient? Which are the best characters we have seen in these years of Jewish history? What warnings have we found? Moses, Joshua, Caleb, even Rahab of Jericho, may furnish examples to us of faith and gratitude for all the good promises which are sure and strong forevermore.

**KEEPING' EM OUT.**

**Goats From Honolulu Kept Under Strict Quarantine.**

San Francisco, Sept. 16.—The steamer Rio Janeiro, from Hong Kong via Honolulu, which arrived this morning, is in quarantine. Neither passengers nor mail are allowed to be landed. No communication with the quarantined vessel will be permitted. The mails will be fumigated to-day and landed to-night, but passengers will probably be kept in quarantine for several days.

# News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

**THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.**

**South's Great Heart Warms to Its Northern Brothers.**

Louisville, Sept. 11.—This is the day. It is essentially Yankee day. Louisville is transformed into the Red-White and Blue city, for these colors stream from every flag-staff, every public building and are clasped in the chubby fists of children.

After all the demonstrations of the week the parade to-day was the event of the twenty-ninth national encampment of the G. A. R., as it has been of all former encampments; the air was full of patriotic music, and the streets were carnivals of richness in designs and profusion of the Red, White and Blue. Along miles of bunting and amid hundreds of thousands of cheering citizens the comrades once more marched on Southern soil.

No contrast could be greater than that of the reception at the Gateway of the South to-day, to the opposition at its portals 24 years ago. Only one thing could have added to the imposing grandeur of the demonstration and that is the electrical display. The picturesque array or Red, White and Blue electric lights across all prominent streets and intersections, and on many buildings, that have been admired every night so much by the visitors, could not contribute to the glory of the day. But the veterans themselves were the most interesting feature of the parade, although everything that money or ingenuity could command in the way of warlike designs were added to the procession.

The veterans showed the weight of years and the effects of service while marching to-day. It was the general remark that there never were so many old, lame and feeble men in line, but they pluckily kept the step and "tramped, tramped, tramped" just as if they were the boys still "marching through Georgia." They seemed to feel sad that they were under a new commander, but also to rejoice that they have survived to see this new era. None of the old Union generals, around whom they gathered so fondly at former encampments and whose carriages they cheered so lustily in former years, were here. Their portraits were seen along the line of march, but they are bivouacing where most of the comrades will soon join them. And in that silent majority Grant, Logan, Sherman, Johnson, Sheridan, Jackson, and other leaders could to-day have been no more at peace or have no more good will to men than was felt and sincerely expressed here to-day amid scenes that beggar all description and wipe out the last vestige of sectional feeling.

At sunrise the only clouds were from the salute of 40 guns, and the weather even was for peace. The departments began forming at an early hour under the special orders to have the procession move promptly at 10:30 a. m.

At 9:30 another salute was fired for the first grand division to form.

At 10 a. m. the guns indicated that the escort was moving to the head of the column, and at 10:30 the salute signalled all of the ten grand divisions to move. Under a proclamation of the mayor, the streets where the divisions formed and the entire line of march were cleared of everything, while the Louisville Legion, the Cadets and Kentucky divisions patroled the streets.

The police first cleared the way, followed by a large detachment. The parade was headed some distance in front of the first grand division by two distinguished ex-Confederates on horseback, Capt. John H. Weller and Capt. Wm. H. Harrison. They did not wear the Gray, but were dressed in black Prince Alberts with silk hats and Red, White and Blue sashes, the same as members of the citizens' committee. They also wore Red, White and Blue scarfs and rosettes. Captain Weller carried a very large flag, and the Stars and Stripes were proudly borne by him. Captain Harrison carried a very large white banner of peace mounted on a staff, like the Stars and Stripes carried by his Confederate comrades. The two flags were alike in every respect, except in the colors, one being all pure white. In place of the eagle on the top o' the staff the white banner had a dove carrying an olive twig, designating peace and good will. The conception of these two ex-Confederates at the head of the great procession of ex-Federal soldiers with their respective flags was that of Colonel Cohn, chairman of the committee on parade and review.

**Order of Parade.**

Following these came participants, who were the striking feature of the parade, the divisions lined up as follows:

Drum corps, Louisville.

Grand Army Band of Canton, O.

Col. Henry S. Cohn, chairman committee on parade and review.

Thomas Satterwhite, jr., and Capt. C. E. Hordstron, adjutants.

Special citizens aides (red sash).

Citizens committee on parade and review, 100 members (white sashes for leaders of platoons, blue for rank and file).

Carriage No. 1—The governor of Kentucky and staff.

Carriage No. 2—The mayors of Louisville, New Albany and Jeffersonville and Col. Thos. H. Sherley, president citizens committee.

The board of managers and invited Chicago military band.

Columbia post, of Chicago, as army escort to commander-in-chief.

Commander-in-Chief Gen. Thos. G. Lawler and staff.

Members of the council of administration, aide de camp to commander-in-chief.

First grand division—Red flag, Illinois, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania.

Second grand division—White flag, Ohio, New York.

Third grand division—Blue flag, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maine, California, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont, Potomac, Virginia and North Carolina.

Fourth grand division—Light red flag—Maryland, Nebraska, Michigan, Iowa and Indiana.

Fifth grand division—Yellow flag, Colorado, Kansas, Delaware, Minnesota, Missouri, Oregon.

Sixth grand division—Light green flag, West Virginia, South Dakota, Washington and Alaska.

Seventh grand division—Orange flag, Arkansas, New Mexico, Utah, Tennessee.

Eighth grand division—Purple flag, Louisiana and Mississippi, Florida, Montana, Texas, Idaho.

Ninth grand division—Dark green flag, Arizona, Georgia, Alabama, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Indian Territory.

Tenth grand division—Light blue flag, Kentucky and battle flags of Kentucky regiments and charge of guard of honor.

The procession moved on time, to the minute, to the gratification of hundreds of thousands along the line of march as well as those in line. The thermometer stood at 96, and the enthusiasm was equally high.

The line of march was from Shelby and Broadway, west on Broadway to Fourth st., north on Fourth st. to Jefferson, west on Jefferson to Eighth st., north on Eighth st. to Market and east on Market to First st., and there disbanded. The right of column passed the reviewing stand in front of the court house at 11 a. m. When the right of the column reached Fifth and Jefferson sts. a halt was made, and the whole of the escort wheeled into line, facing south, and allowed the commander-in-chief and his staff to pass by and take their seats on the reviewing stand, when the whole column passed in review. On the corner of Third and Market sts., on the south of Market, and on Third st. the department commanders reviewed their own departments, and reaching First and Market every post, battalion or division was dismissed.

Quite a number of the veterans became exhausted and had to retire from the ranks. Six were so prostrated by the heat that they were taken in ambulances to the hospital, but none are considered seriously prostrated.

**The Business Sessions.**

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 12.—The demonstrations in the line of parade being over, the twenty-ninth national encampment began its business session at 10 a. m. to-day, also the Woman's Relief corps and the Ladies' Circle of the G. A. R. These meetings were attended only by delegates. Meantime the veterans met in corps, brigade and regimental reunions all over the city. The campfires, with fireworks and other demonstrations continue every night during the week, elaborate programmes, with music and recitations being announced up to Saturday night. The Woman's Relief Corps met to-day in Library Hall. The exercises were opened with salutes, flag drills and tableaux in the curriculum of patriotic teaching. The opening session was devoted to welcome addresses and to the hearing of the annual report of the national officers.

By far the most interesting function of the week began to-day at 10 o'clock in Music Hall. It was the meeting of the encampment for the election of executive and commanding officers for the ensuing year, and to decide upon a place of meeting for the next year. The hall has a seating capacity of 3,250, and every seat in the house was occupied. None but G. A. R. men and accredited delegates were admitted to the hall. The delegates entitled to vote in the meeting occupied the main floor, while the visiting veterans filled the galleries. There was considerable delay, and it was nearly 11 o'clock when the delegates were all at their posts. Gen. Lawler, the commander-in-chief, was loudly cheered. As soon as quiet was restored he formally called the meeting to order.

He said that as this was the first national meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic south of the Ohio river, the executive committee had changed the usual programme. The citizens of Louisville desired, he said, to give expression of their pleasure in having the honor of entertaining the boys in blue. "You will be glad to know," he continued, "that the man who will give the address of welcome is no other than the Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal." At the mention of Mr. Watterson's name there was an outburst of applause.

**MR. WATTERSON'S WELCOME.**

**Eloquent Henry Watterson Was Never More Eloquent.**

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11.—Mr. Henry Watterson delivered the address of welcome to the city's visitors, and it was one of his grandest efforts. This is what he said:

That promissory note, drawn by the city of Louisville, indorsed by me and discounted by you in the city of Pittsburg a year ago—I have come to pay it! You, who were so prompt and so generous about it, will not be displeased to learn that it puts us to no inconvenience to pay it. On the contrary, it having been one of those obligations on which the interest compounding day by day was designed to eat up the principal, its discharge leaves us poor only in the regret that the may not repeat the transaction every twelve months and convert this central point of the universe into a permanent encampment for the Grand Army of the Republic.

Except that historic distinctions have long been obliterated here, it might be mentioned that I appear before you as the representative alike of those who wore the blue and of those who wore the gray in that great sectional combat, which, whatever else it did or did not, left no shadow upon American soldiership, no stain upon American manhood. But, in Kentucky, the war ended 30 years ago. Familiar intercommunication between those who fought in it upon opposing sides; marriage and giving in marriage; the rearing of a common progeny; the ministrations of private friendship; the all-subduing influence of home and church and school, of wife and child, have culminated in such a closely-knit web of interests and affections that none of us care to disentangle the threads that compose it, and few of us could do so if we would.

Here, at least, the lesson has been taught and learned that

"You can not chain the eagle,
And you dare not harm the dove;
But every gate
Hate bars to hate,
Will open wide to love!"

And the flag! God bless the flag! As the heart of McCallum More warmed to the tartan, do all hearts warm to the flag! Have you upon your round of sight-seeing missed it hereabout? Does it make itself on any hand conspicuous by its absence? Can you doubt the loyalty of those who from house-top and roof-tree have thrown it to the breeze? Let some sacrilegious hand be raised to haul it down and see! No, no, comrades; the people on masse do not deal in subterfuges; they do not stoop to conquer; they may be wrong; they may be perverse; but they never dissemble. These are honest flags, with honest hearts behind them. They are the symbols of a nationality as precious to us as to you. They fly at last as Webster would have had them fly, bearing no such mottoes as "What is all this worth" or "liberty first and union afterward," but blazing in letters of living light upon their ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, those words dear to every American heart, "Union and Liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable."

And why not? What is left for you and me to cavil about, far less to fight about? When Hamilton and Madison agreed in supporting a Constitution which was acceptable to neither of them, they compromised some differences and they left some other differences open to double construction; and, among these latter, was the exact relation of the states to the general government. The institution of African slavery, with its irreconcilable conditions, got between the North and the South, and— But I am not here to recite the history of the United States. You know what happened as well as I do, and we all know that there does not remain a shred of those old issues to divide us. There is not a Southern man to-day who would lightly brook the effort of a state to withdraw from the Union. Slavery is gone. Secession is dead. The Union, with its system of statehood still intact, survives; and with it a power and glory among men passing the dreams of the fathers of the republic. You and I may fold our arms and go to sleep, leaving to younger men to hold and defend a property ten-fold greater than that received by us, its ownership unclouded and its title-deeds recorded in Heaven!

It is, therefore, with a kind of exultation that I fling open the gates of this gateway to the South! I bid you welcome in the name of the people whose voice is the voice of God. You came, and we resisted you; you come, and we greet you; for times change and men change with them. You will find here scarcely a sign of the battle; not a reminiscence of its passions. Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front, and whichever way you turn on either side, deepening as you advance—across the Chaplin Hills, where Jackson fell, to Stone's River, where Rosy fought—and, on to Chattanooga and Chickamauga and over Missionary Ridge and down by Resaca and Kennesaw, and Allatoona, where Corse "held the fort," as a second time you march to the sea—pausing awhile about Atlanta to look with wonder on a scene risen as by the hand of enchantment—thence returning by way of Franklin and Nashville—you shall encounter, as you pass those moldering heaps, which remind you of your valor and travail, only the magnanimous spirit of dead heroes, with Grant and Sherman, and Thomas and McPherson and Logan looking down from the happy stars as if repeating the words of the Master—"Charity for all—malice toward none."

We, too, have our graves; we, too, had our heroes! All, all are comrades now upon the other side, where you and I must shortly join them; blessed, thrice blessed we who have lived to see fulfilled the psalmist's prophecy of peace:

"Peace in the quiet dales,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men;
Peace in the woodland and the lonely glen,
Peace in the peopled vales.

"Peace in the crowded town;
Peace in a thousand fields of waving grain;
Peace in the highway and the flow'ry lane,
Peace o'er the wind-swept down.

"Peace on the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of peace, peace, peace in all our homes,
And all our hearts!"

Mr. Watterson was frequently and loudly cheered during the course of his speech.

In response to this address, Past Commander-in-Chief William Warner, of Kansas City, Mo., spoke briefly. He said the boys in Blue would never forget the generous and loyal hospitality of the good people of Louisville.

**FOR NATIONAL COMMANDER.**

**Col. I. N. Walker, of Indianapolis, is Chosen.**

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 13.—Two very important questions were decided in the National G. A. R. encampment before adjournment for the day yesterday. These were the next place for the encampment, and the election of grand commander and vice commanders.

When nominations for grand commander were in order, W. A. Ketcham, of Indiana, presented the name of Col. Ivan N. Walker, of Indianapolis, for commander in chief as a representative of that fearless and sturdy loyalty that rescued the nation. He was a man who stood firmly when unmerciful disaster seemed to follow and fasten upon the armies. He had fought at Richmond, Perryville and suffered in prison.

T. S. Clarkson, of Nebraska, said his department had presented his name as a candidate for commander in chief. He would, however, decline to be a candidate against Comrade Walker, and moved that the rules be suspended and the adjutant general be directed to cast the unanimous vote of the encampment for Comrade Walker. Mr. Clarkson's action produced a thunder of applause. The motion prevailed with a hurricane of cheers. When order was at length restored, Commander Lawler formally declared Col. Walker elected. He directed some comrades to escort the new commander to the platform, which was done midst enthusiastic shouts and cheers of the old veterans on all sides.

Col. Walker, in thanking the comrades, said that he deeply felt the high compliment which they had bestowed upon him in electing him to the highest office within their gift. He felt almost oppressed at the thought of succeeding such a long line of able men who have filled the office. He would, however, devote his entire energies to performing his duties.

In the contest for senior vice commander both the candidates were from Kentucky. They were Gen. E. H. Hobson and Michael Minton. General Hobson being elected. C. E. Cosgrove, of Washington, was elected junior vice commander over J. O. Gregg, of Montana.

Col. I. N. Walker, commander-in-chief Grand Army of the Republic, was born in Indiana in 1842. With the Seventy-third Indiana Volunteers, he took part in the battles of Perryville and Stone River. He was promoted from captain to major, was assigned to the position of lieutenant colonel at the battle of Stone River and afterward received a commission from Governor Morton. At the battle of Blount's Plantation, near Gadsden, Ala., Col. Hathaway was killed and Col. Walker assumed command. The regiment was compelled to surrender. The officers were sent to Libbey prison. Col. Walker with Gen. A. D. Streight and twenty-four others in February, 1864, tunneled their way out from the prison pen to liberty. Col. Walker was recaptured four days later and returned to the prison, where he remained until exchanged in the following May. He returned to his regiment and served until bad health from exposure compelled his resignation. He was a volunteer aid on the staff of Gen. Wilson during the battle of Nashville. He lived at Nashville several years after the war and then moved to Indianapolis. For nearly ten years he was first deputy in the office of the auditor of Marion county. He was a candidate for auditor of state in 1890 on the Republican ticket, which was defeated.

Governor Hovey in 1891 appointed him state tax commissioner and he still holds that office through appointment of Governor Matthews. In 1893 Col. Walker was elected vice-commander of the G. A. R.

The roll was called for nominations for the next annual encampment. Buffalo, Denver, St. Paul, Nashville were presented.

The first ballot resulted: St. Paul, 393; Buffalo, 226; Denver, 103; Nashville, 33. The vote was made unanimous and Commander Lawler declared that the next annual encampment would be held at St. Paul.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 14.—So far as the veterans are concerned, the twenty-ninth annual encampment closed last night.

Gen. Lawler and staff leave Sunday night to spend the first part of the week at the national encampment of the Sons of Veterans, and the last of next week at Chattanooga and the Chickamauga battlefield.

Commander-in-Chief I. N. Walker issued his first order last night. It reads as follows:

"General Order No. 1.—Having been elected commander-in-chief of the G. A. R. at the 29th national encampment held at Louisville, I hereby assume command. Headquarters will be established at Indianapolis, Ind.—I. N. Walker, Commander-in-Chief."

While it is true that Commander-in-Chief Walker will not announce the names of the men he intends to appoint upon his staff until next week, he told an intimate friend last night that he intended to appoint Gen. Irwin Robbins, now a brigadier general in the Indiana National Guard, as his adjutant general.

Gen. Robbins was assistant adjutant general to Col. Irwin while he was department commander of Indiana. Quartermaster General Burst will also be retained for the present, and no other appointments of staff officers will be announced for several weeks.

Independence hall will be the permanent depository of all the books, records and relics of the Grand Army. Past Commander Wagner, of Pennsylvania, offered this famous old building in the name of the people of Philadelphia, at the encampment in the afternoon, and it was accepted.

Dr. J. B. Whiting, of Janesville, Wis., was elected surgeon general by acclamation. Rev. Thomas C. Iliff, of Utah, was elected chaplain in chief.

A resolution was adopted appointing a committee of five to arrange for the erection of a monument at Washington to commemorate the loyal women who served as nurses, or in other ways aided the soldiers of the union, during the rebellion.

A resolution was adopted empowering the commander-in-chief and counsel of administration to change the place of holding the next encampment should the railroad or hotels not make satisfactory rates.

A rule was made permitting posts to consolidate as the membership grew less.

A resolution was adopted recommending that Congress should pass a law equalizing the pension of war widows so that all shall receive at least $12 a month. Some of them are now receiving from $8 to $10 a month.

**LAMENTABLE ACCIDENT.**

**Explosion of a Caisson Killed Six Young Men.**

Louisville, September 11.—Six of Louisville's chivalry were blown to atoms this morning at 5:30 by the explosion of a caisson.

All the men excepting the colored driver were members of Battery "A," of the Kentucky National Guard, and all reside in Louisville.

Those killed are:
CORPORAL AL ROBINSON.
PRIVATE CHARLES OESTRICH.
PRIVATE CHARLES WOODS.
PRIVATE M'BRIDE HUTCHINS.
PRIVATE HOWARD IRWIN.
DRIVER WM. ADAMS (colored).

The wounded are:
Fred Cohn, eyes and face badly burned, and William Hobbs.

The accident occurred on Broadway, between Third and Fourth streets, where the First Kentucky artillery were stationed for the purpose of firing the morning salute.

Witnesses to the shocking accident say that the explosion was caused by dropping the caisson on the friction primer of the piece. The gun was situated directly in the center of the street, pointing towards Fourth ave. Two of the bodies were blown over the house tops and were horribly mangled.

Two horses attached to the cannon were so horribly mangled that they will be killed.

The place where the accident occurred is one of the finest residence districts in the city. Fortunately few people were on the street, owing to the early hour, or the list of killed and injured would have undoubtedly been greatly increased. Every window in the block was blown out. Nearly every one in the nighborhood was asleep and the noise and concussion caused by the explosion almost created a panic. Half clad men and terrified women came running from their homes and a horrible sight met their eyes. The body of the colored driver mangled almost beyond recognition fell on the front step of a residence fully 500 feet from the place where the explosion occurred. Just outside the fence and on the sidewalk was the body of Private Woods. Bits of flesh and pieces of bloody uniform were scattered all along the street, and clinging to the tree tops and broken windows. A leg and half a coat were found on Third st., one block south of where the explosion took place. They must have been blown clear over a three-story and basement house. Several mangled legs and arms were found on the tops of adjacent houses.

It is believed that the body of Private Hutchins was blown to pieces, as it has not yet been found. A hook and ladder truck of the city fire department was called and with ladders every house top in the vicinity was searched in vain for the missing body. But on nearly every house top was found portions of the bodies of the unfortunate young men. The body of Howard Irwin was so badly mangled that it was almost impossible to gather it up without a shovel.

It was found at the intersection of Broadway and Fourth sts., almost a block away.

The battery was on its way to Phoenix Hill for the purpose of firing a salute of 44 guns. There were sixty-six pounds of powder in the caisson.

The accident has cast a shadow of gloom over the city. Every one had been prepared for a grand and joyous event. The tens of thousands of visitors who throng the streets and hotels of the town were everywhere heard to express their sorrow.

The regiment to which the young men belonged is made up of the pick and flower of Louisville. Many of them are socially leaders and are of wealthy families.

**ANOTHER SAD ACCIDENT.**

**Grand Stand Crashed Backward, Injuring Scores of Persons.**

Louisville, Sept. 13.—While 100,000 people were watching the fireworks along the river front at 10 o'clock last night, a portion of the grand stand on which were seated at least 10,000 people, gave way, and many were injured.

The portion of the grand stand which fell was about 400 feet long and 60 feet wide. It was the lower part and only elevated about two feet. Immediately behind this part were seats elevated eight to twenty feet. On the entire stand there were 50,000 people.

As it was, the platform on which the seats were placed, swerved to the rear, and then settled to the ground with a crash. As it careened, the planks of which the seats were made, were forced together, and the feet and legs of hundreds of the spectators were caught as if in a huge trap. As to the exact number of people injured, it will probably never be known. Four policemen who were standing at that part of the stand, say that they saw from 40 to 75 persons taken away by friends in vehicles. They assisted at least as many more to get on the street back of the stand. All the ambulances and patrol wagons in the city were summoned, and those only slightly injured were taken to the hotels at which they were stopping, or to their homes.

**AFTER THREE YEARS' IDLENESS.**

**Calumet Blast Furnace at South Chicago Resumes Operations.**

Chicago, Sept. 16.—The Calumet blast furnace at South Chicago, which stopped business three years ago, has resumed operations, and the prospects are that no further interruptions will occur. President Ridgeley, of the company, says that the constantly increasing demand for iron in the United States is the cause of resuming work.

Branch offices of the Calumet Co. are to be established in Cleveland, St. Louis, Pittsburg and Philadelphia, while the general Western agents will be at Cincinnati. About 2,000 men will be employed at the Chicago plant.

**ARMED MEN AT THE MINES.**

**Trouble Expected in Fayette County, West Virginia.**

Charleston, W. Va., Sept. 16.—The officials of Fayette county say the striking miners in Louis Creek will today attempt to force the miners at work in McDonald mines on Upper Top Creek to come out to-day.

Armed men are at these mines. Yesterday a deputy sheriff from Fayette county came here and employed detectives to go to the mines and to assist in preventing trouble. If the attempt is made to force the working miners out, trouble will result.

**THE THIRD RACE.**

**The Valkyrie Abandoned the Course After the Start.**

Highlands of Navesink, N. J., Sept. 12.—There was a slight discontented appearance hereabouts this morning when the sun first struggled through the gray clouds on the horizon and half smiled a greeting to the small fleet of schooners and other yachts anchored in and about the Horseshoe. Everybody and everything seemed to be aware of the fact that it was the day for the third and possibly last race in 1895 for the America's cup and yet, somehow, the usual sparkle of healthy anticipation usual to such occasions was not in the air. The unfortunate foul between Valkyrie III and Defender, at the start of the race Tuesday last, the awarding of the race to Defender, and above all, the fact that Valkyrie was looked upon by many as a hopelessly out-classed yacht, all tended to blue matters up considerably.

11:19—Both yachts are standing down towards the line. Defender to the northward of it and Valkyrie towards the southward. The Defender has lowered her spinnaker boom.

11:20 a. m.—Starting gun fired. Defender, when the gun fired at 11:20, had the best position and crossed the line at 11:20:24 with her spinnaker boom out.

Valkyrie crossed at 11:21:59.

Defender, as she crossed the line, broke out her spinnaker to starboard. Valkyrie crossed without her club topsail, and with no spinnaker set. Valkyrie has come around the lightship on the port tack and seems to be out of the race. She has not hoisted her club topsail or set her spinnaker. She is going back to the starting line, but Defender is keeping on. There is evidently some trouble on board the English yacht.

11:35—Valkyrie seems to have her protest flag flying. She has lowered all her sails and has gone towards the Hook. The English yachts and steamers cheer her as she passed on her way towards the channel. The trouble seems to have been that Valkyrie was blanketed by a pilot boat right on the line. Defender is nearly six miles away. Valkyrie is now in tow of the tug, and it is understood that she signalled that she surrendered the race.

Valkyrie is in tow and accompanied by a few excursion boats, is bound back to New York. She has evidently protested against the manner in which she was blanketed at the start by a pilot boat. According to one account, it was Pilot Boat 19, and according to another account, Pilot Boat 11, which blanketed Valkyrie at the start. Navahoe is also headed back for New York. Valkyrie's mainsail is now on deck. Disappointment reigns supreme here. There seems to be little doubt now that Valkyrie, from the time she left her moorings this morning, had no real intention of racing, but went across the line at the same time as Defender in order to establish a race.

Defender is flying along like a white swan before the wind, and the fleet following is having a hard time to keep with the American yacht.

**VALKYRIE'S ACT EXPLAINED.**

**Lord Dunraven's Spokesman Flails the Excursion Boats.**

New York, Sept. 12.—The Valkyrie has returned to Bay Ridge. Arthur Glennie, Lord Dunraven's representative and authorized by Lord Dunraven to speak, stated that the reason for not sailing was interferences from excursion steamers. He sent a letter to the America's cup committee yesterday as already detailed by the Associated Press to be opened after the consideration of the protest, saying that if he could be assured of a clear course he would sail, otherwise not. He merely crossed the line to make a race.

**America Retains the Cup.**

New York, Sept. 13.—Whatever doubt may have existed as to Lord Dunraven's intentions of racing the Valkyrie in this country again was dispelled this morning by Mr. H. Maitland Kersey.

When seen by a reporter he said: "No, the Valkyrie will never again race on this side of the Atlantic. The race is over, and that settles it. I have nothing more to say on that point."

**THE CATTERTHUN WRECKED.**

**Accident Happened Off Seal Rock, Near Port Stephens.**

New York, Sept. 16.—A special to the Herald from Vancouver, B. C., says:

The 2,000 ton China steamer Catterthun, bound from Sydney to China with 81 human beings on board, is lying many fathoms deep off Seal Rock, near Port Stephens lighthouse. Only 26 lives were saved. The following were drowned: R. Fraser, R. Smith, Mrs. Mathias, Mrs. Loring, Miss Loring, Neil Shannon, Liverpool; Master W. P. Pinney, chief officer; Harold Leather, third officer; R. H. Anderson, surgeon; C. H. Harper, Scotland, chief engineer; E. Wilson, second engineer; J. W. Adams, third engineer; A. Wolstendolm, fourth engineer; R. Manning, chief steward, and 41 Chinese.

The accident was due to currents drifting the steamer on the rocks in the fury and darkness of the storm. Mrs. and Miss Loring were the wife and daughter of the secretary of the Imperial Federation league of Australia, and were well known in San Francisco, having been on their way there via China.

Following is an account of the disaster by a survivor, Dr. Copemann, which most accurately and briefly details the circumstances of the disasters.

"I was returning to England by way of China via Vancouver. I had a premonition that the Catterthun was going to be wrecked, and took passage by another steamer, but a friend persuaded me to go by the Catterthun.

"At 2 o'clock in the morning I was shot out of the bunk by a terrible shock, which was followed by a second one. I rushed on deck and found the steamer listed and rapidly settling. An officer told me that we had struck a rock. There was no screaming. The skipper was as cool as possible, and told the passengers not to get excited. In the meantime the steamer was being washed away in pieces.

"Capt. Shannon gave orders to lower the boats, and immediately afterward he was washed overboard and drowned. As the boats were lowered they were dashed to pieces or swept away. At last only the starboard boat was left. There were eighteen people in it. It was torn from the davits and washed away. I sprang into the sea and was picked up by a Chinaman. We rescued twelve more, the Chinaman working heroically.

"The last one we pulled in was a European. He dropped limp in the stern. I asked, 'Who are you?' He said, 'I'm Fawkes, old chap; thank God.' We tossed about, standing to all night, with seas washing over us, and were picked up in the morning by a fishing boat.

**CLOSED THE CLUBS.**

**New York City Was Really Dry on Last Sunday.**

New York, Sept. 16.—For the first time in the history of New York, a drink could not be had at the bar at most of the principal clubs of this city yesterday. The action of President Roosevelt and the police commissioners in deciding to stop so far as they were able the sale of intoxicating drinks in the clubs in violation of law, met with general success, and most of them, through their board of governors instructed the employes not to open the bars Sunday.

At the City club, where it was expected a test would be made, the clerk said the bar was open as usual; that they were running in the same way as on other Sundays; but that there were no members in the city, so it was impossible to sell anything.

A clubman furnished the following list of clubs which had their bars open yesterday: The Century, of which Bishop Potter is at the head; the Manhattan Union League, of which President Roosevelt, Mayor Strong and others are members; the Metropolitan, the millionaires' club; the Knickerbockers and the Union.

The Democratic, the Republican and the Players' clubs were closed tight.

# FOREIGN.

**RECOGNIZING CUBA FREE.**

**Jacksonville Board of Trade Takes Action.**

Jacksonville, Fla., Sept. 12.—The Jacksonville board of trade yesterday adopted a resolution declaring that the time has come for the United States government to recognize the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, and requesting the Florida Senators and Representatives to use every means to bring about such recognition as soon as possible after the assembling of Congress.

London, Sept. 12.—The Havana correspondent of the Times says: "I have just returned from the province of Matanzas, where I found sympathy with the rebels in all parts traversed. Everywhere the economic situation is that it is difficult for planters to obtain advances and they are unable to obtain employment for laborers. Laborers are unable to earn enough to support life. This is a direct incentive to join the rebels for with them food is plentiful. In southeast Matanzas the bandit Matagas commands a band of 700 men, including 200 Spaniards. An ex-Spanish official, who is now a planter, gave it as his opinion that the only thing to be done, if Spain will not loose Cuba, is to grant a complete measure of self-government. The Cuban leader of the Autonomists in the Colon district, stated that the Autonomists of that district regarded the central committee at Havanna as weak, and as not furthering the cause of Cuban autonomy.

"The time is arriving when Spain must offer absolute autonomy if it wishes to keep Cuba. Maximo Gomez is advancing towards Santa Clara with the object of allowing Roloff to advance into Matanzas.

"General Campos has wired to Madrid not to send further reinforcements."

Havana, Sept. 12.—Battalions of the Soria and Galicia regiments left for the province of Santa Clara yesterday to reinforce the command of Gen. Arderius. The soldiers were given an enthusiastic farewell by the populace of Havana.

Official dispatches report the burning of the small village of Buyecito, near Manzanillo, by an insurgent band.

The government is in receipt of a report that in a skirmish between a company of loyalists under the mayor of Ambal, a town near Melilla and Remedios, and a band of insurgents, two of the latter were killed.

The insurgent forces under Gen. Sanchez are reported to have twice attacked a small fort at the village of Pomento, near Trinidad, in the province of Santa Clara. The attacking party on each occasion was obliged to retire after suffering considerable loss.

**THE WAR NEWS.**

**New Leader, a Veteran, for the Insurgent Cubans.**

Tampa, Fla., Sept. 14.—Letters received from Cuba announce the safe arrival in the field of Col. Jose La Crete, who left here last spring for Jamaica, where he attempted two expeditions. Failing, he returned here, and about three weeks ago left Key West in an open boat, ar

## WASHINGTON.

### MRS. BURNETT.

**Separation From Her Husband Will Occur.**

Washington, Sept. 12.—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," who has limned so many pretty scenes of domestic happiness, has at last been forced to admit marriage a failure in her own case, and henceforth will live apart from her husband, Dr. Swann M. Burnett, is an oculist of local repute.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

In anticipation of Mrs. Burnett's home-coming he has abandoned the elegant family home on Massachusetts ave., and has removed his effects elsewhere.

Mrs. Burnett is about 40 years old. She is a blonde of rich tint, with dark grayish blue eyes that are full of varying expression. Her head is shapely and well poised; nose straight and finely cut, while the firm chin and decisive mouth are full of character. Her hair is almost golden.

For years Dr. Burnett has been sadly crippled through an accident to one of his legs, the main sinews of which had been cut just below the knee, and he has keenly felt his position of partial dependence on the literary fruits of his wife's pen.

It is understood that there will be no divorce, the parties to the compact simply agreeing to live apart. Mrs. Burnett will shortly return to Washington from Europe, where she went to secure material for a new story. She will occupy her old home, while her husband has already secured another place of abode.

### TO AID CUBA.

**Activity in Navy Department Gives Basis to the Rumors.**

Washington, Sept. 14.—There is hope for Cuba. Trustworthy information received here indicates a settled purpose on the part of the American administration to intervene between the patriots and their oppressors. This intervention may take the form of international action, following the precedent set by President Grant in 1875, or it may be approached more directly by taking advantage of the first adequate instance of injury to or imprisonment of an American citizen in Cuba.

In this connection it is important to know that Spain was brought to payment of the Mora claim only by the preparations which this government had made to occupy the port of Havana with American war ships. That the administration had decided upon such an extreme measure was some time ago published in the newspapers. It was then denied. But it is true that the occupation of the port of Havana had been decided on by the President and his cabinet. If Spain had not paid the money war between the United States and Spain, with independence for Cuba, might easily have followed. The Washington government had this contingency in view when it made the demand.

The Cuban insurgents do not ask for recognition as belligerents. Obviously they do not care for such recognition. It would give them only moral support, and of this they already have enough. Dr. Rodriguez and other Cuban patriots think it would be unwise on the part of this government to recognize the belligerent rights of the insurgents.

The precedent set by President Grant lives as a guide to present action, and Spain's bad faith gives ample justification for advancing another step with our diplomacy, for adding force, if necessary, to our moral intervention.

Nations, like individuals, must have great justification for actions which are not warranted by moral rights. In this case the justification is ample, and is likely to be so adjudged not only by the American people, but by the powers of Europe. If the United States sets out to secure the independence of Cuba, Spain will have no supporter among the nations. Constitutional liberty will be established in Cuba without the firing of an American gun.

There is little doubt from information which is to be had here that the Cleveland administration will take some decisive step looking to the freedom of Cuba. The executive may act on his own account, as he may any moment find pretext of doing. If impelling cause other than humanity and the rights of man is needed, it may be found in the destruction and peril of American commercial interests. At least, President Cleveland is likely to bring the whole matter most forcibly to the attention of Congress a few months hence.

That it would be a good political move for the President no one denies, for it would undoubtedly prove immensely popular with the people. President Grant's special dispatch through Secretary Fish in 1875 recited the fact that the only thing lacking to recognition at that time was the insurgents had no seaport and hence could not be considered in official communication with the outer world.

According to the principles of international law recognition of belligerents must come from the President in any event. Congress can only recommend or suggest. The politico side of the question which has been presented to Mr. Cleveland is the fact that the Congressional is almost certain to pass a resolution advising the President to recognize the Cubans as belligerents, if not actually to recognize their independence.

Hence it is urged that Mr. Cleveland would make a ten-strike by making the recognition of belligerency before the meeting of Congress, which would thus deprive the Republicans of valuable campaign material.

### CHANCE FOR INVENTORS.

**Government Wants Better Device for Catching Mail Sacks.**

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Washington, Sept. 16.—Invitations have been extended by the postoffice department to inventors throughout the country to submit to the department devices for taking mail sacks from moving trains. From among the inventions offered a device will be selected, and made a standard in the railway postal service.

Many inventions, some of which have come from Ohio men, have already been submitted to the department, but the officials decline to give the names of the inventors for publication. A committee has been appointed to pass upon the various inventions offered.

### GERMAN OFFICIALS BUSY

**Have Ruined a Profitable Trade for America.**

Washington, Sept. 14.—Secretary Morton has received through the state department a report from U. S. Consul General Mason at Frankfort, Germany, on methods adopted in some of the German cities to obstruct and discourage the trade in American meats. An agent in Southern Germany for a Chicago packing firm complained to the consul that the restrictive measures enforced by local authorities at Freiburg had practically destroyed a formerly prosperous trade in that city. Similar restrictions were threatened at Carlsruhe. The matter was at once reported from the United States consulate to the embassy at Berlin with the expectation of preventing the objectionable proceedings threatened at Carlsruhe.

Investigation by the United States commercial agent at Frieburg divulged that the opposition was based solely on self interest. Physicians warned the sausage dealers against using American beef, and placed such rigid restrictions on its use that they discontinued selling it. The receipts of American beef in Frieburg alone have been 12,000 barrels annually. Thus a great trade is being ruined by the agrarian spirit in that town.

### HORNBLOWER WILL GET IT.

**Prefers Him to Any Other for Justice Jackson's Place.**

Washington, Sept. 16.—It is learned to-day that President Cleveland has determined to offer to William H. Hornblower, of New York, the place on the supreme bench made vacant by the death of Justice Jackson. The President has had communication with Mr. Hornblower and he is willing to accept the appointment provided there can be no doubt of his confirmation by the senate.

Inasmuch as the antagonism to Mr. Hornblower when he was nominated for the place made vacant by the death of Justice Blatchford two years ago was led in the same senate by Mr. Hill, it is reasonable to presume that there will be no new antagonism now. It is well known that Senator Hill will make no further objection to the confirmation of Mr. Hornblower, and that apparently leaves the way clear for his nomination and confirmation.

Senator Hill said as much as this confidentially to a friend at Manhattan Beach several weeks ago. The President's admiration for Mr. Hornblower is well known, and his was the first name thought of after Justice Jackson's death.

Those in the confidence of the President in such matters have no doubt the whole matter is arranged and that Mr. Hornblower will be nominated and promptly confirmed immediately after the reassembling of congress.

### MORA CLAIM PAID.

**Spanish Minister To-Day Gave a Draft for $1,449,000.**

Washington, Sept. 14.—Senor De Lome, the Spanish minister, at noon to-day delivered to Mr. Adee, acting secretary of state, a draft for the equivalent of $1,449,099 drawn on the Spanish financial agent in London in settlement of the Mora claim.

### ALASKA BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

**This Survey at Variance With the American Idea.**

Washington, Sept. 14.—It is well known to Americans living in Southeastern Alaska that a boundary dispute is brewing which is likely to cause trouble between the British government and this country. When Southeastern Alaska was popularly supposed to be a bleak, barren waste, utterly devoid of wealth, John Bull troubled himself very little about boundary lines, but since the development of the wonderful mineral resources of the territory, he has gone to the trouble of making an exhaustive geological survey of the country, and has thoroughly acquainted himself with the great mineral wealth of the region and with the extent and wealth of its forests, arable lands and fisheries, and now he thinks that a game of boundary dispute is worth the candle.

For the past ten years, William Ogilvie, an eminent engineer, at the head of a large corps, has been working in the field under instructions from the British government, to make a complete geological and geographical survey of the eastern portion of the territory. With this end in view, he and his corps have sealed mountain heights hitherto regarded as impassable, and have penetrated regions never before visited by white men. During all this time thousands of photographic views were taken of mountains, hills, indentations of bays and other prominent geographical features.

The motive of making these surveys and of taking these photographic views is to establish a boundary utterly at variance with the American idea. According to the position taken by the United States government, the eastern boundary of southeastern Alaska is formed by a mountain range which runs north and south, thirty marine leagues inland from the shore. The wily and grasping Britishers, however, are endeavoring to show that no such defined mountain range exists, and are trying to establish a new boundary by grouping the mountains on the coast lines following the meanderings of the bay into a range. In fact, they are going to the trouble of making a mountain range and presenting Uncle Sam with a ready made "hand-me-down" boundary.

Should the English idea prevail, and the British gain possession of the strip thus brought into dispute, it would gain new territory equal in extent to the state of New York, and would also come into possession of some of the richest mineral lands in Alaska, besides gaining millions of dollars' worth of developed wealth, a prize worth working for.

During the first few years that the small army of engineers were in the field under Mr. Ogilvie, they performed their duties quietly, but since the present administration has come into power they have become more communicative, and a disposition seems manifest on their part to bring matters to a crisis and the dispute is liable to be precipitated at any moment.

If the matter is brought before a court of arbitration, which it undoubtedly will, English diplomats will go into the fight armed with a mountain of data, minute and exhaustive, while Uncle Sam will have to rely on the specifications of the purchase treaty, and the indefinite reports of commissioners and other officials who have been identified with Alaska. This with the vacillating and weak foreign policy which has been characteristic of Cleveland during the past few years, is sure to make him John Bull's meat.

The apathy of the United States in all matters relating to her northern possessions, her lack of knowledge of the immense wealth and possibilities of that section have retarded the enactment of laws calculated to promote the settlement and development of the country, and for that reason the people who are up there must possess more than an ordinary share of patriotism to get up spirit enough to resent the grasping policy of John Bull. Uncle Sam must get a hustle on himself if he intends to head off the lion before he gets his paws on the prey.

### WILSON'S OLD BILL

**Has Almost Doubled Exports From Manchester to America.**

Washington Sept. 13.—According to a report furnished the State Department by Consul Grinnell the declared exports from the Manchester (England) district to the United States for the year ended August 31, last amounted to $13,067,318 as against $7,413,146 for the previous year. The two periods practically cover respectively the first year of the operation of the Wilson tariff and the last of the McKinley law.

### CAPT. SUMNER'S SENTENCE.

**Suspended Six Months and to Be Reprimanded.**

Washington, Sept. 13.—The navy department to-day made public its action in the case of Capt. George W. Sumner.

The first charge was culpable inefficiency in the performance of duty. The court found him guilty in a less degree than charged, in that he did not fully perform his duty in having proper preparations made for the docking.

The captain was found guilty of the second charge, of suffering a vessel of the navy to be hazarded in violation of the naval regulations. He was found guilty of the third charge, neglect of duty and the specification under that charge was proved; namely, that he paid the charges of docking without protest. The sentence of the court is as follows:

"To be suspended from duty only, for a period of six months, on waiting orders, pay, and to be reprimanded by the honorable secretary of the navy."

### DR. TALMAGE CALLED.

**Dr. Sunderland Will Retire and Dr. Talmage Take His Place.**

Washington, Sept. 17.—With a previous understanding that an affirmative answer would be given, the officers of the "President's church," in Washington, the First Presbyterian, have extended a call to T. DeWitt Talmage, the celebrated pulpit orator, late of Brooklyn and New York and now unattached. Dr. Sunderland,

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

the eminent divine who has been pastor of the First church for 40 years, has decided to carry out his long-cherished purpose of retiring from active labor, and he has persuaded his dear friend Talmage to fill the vacancy. As the "administration preacher," Dr. Talmage will be assuming a new role, but it is expected that he will achieve another of his phenomenal successes in Washington.

The First Presbyterian is one of the oldest and most famed churches in Washington, though about the time of Cleveland's first election it was in the dumps. The President and his sister, Rose, commenced to attend, they had heard Dr. Sunderland deliver in a New York village many years before, and they allied themselves to his church. That brought the crowd and started a new era of prosperity. The doctor and the President became warm friends. Recently the church has displayed signs of going back into the old rut, but now that Talmage, with his money-raising gifts, is to take the pastorate a wonderful revival of interest is anticipated. Dr. Sunderland has been visiting Dr. Talmage somewhere in New York for the last fortnight, and it is understood that the latter's consent to settle in the capital city was obtained before any formal steps were taken. Such being the case the deal may be considered in an advanced stage, though perhaps not a dozen people know of it at this writing.

### GOLD RESERVE STILL LOW.

**To-Day's Statement Shows the Amount Unchanged.**

Washington, Sept. 17. — To-day's statement of the condition of the treasury shows: Available cash balance, $182,155,835; gold reserve, $96,382,528.

### MRS. LANGTRY.

**She Will Get a Divorce, and Go to California.**

San Francisco, Sept. 17.—Mrs. Emilie Charlotte Langtry will to-day, through Attorneys Dunn and McPike, file an action for divorce from her husband, Edward Langtry, in the superior court of Lake county, where the Jersey Lily has considerable property. Her grounds for divorce from Mr. Langtry are specified as desertion and failure to provide for his wife and daughter, a girl of 14 years. The complaint further alleges that there is no community property, and requests that the custody of the child Jeanne be awarded to the mother. It is understood that there will be no contest.

Attorney McPike says that Mrs. Langtry is expected to return to her home in Lake county soon, as she has grown very weary of her histrionic ventures. The place will be made the center for a gay throng, and will become the rendezvous for people of distinction.

From this it is believed that Mrs. Langtry has definitely decided to abandon the stage. It is not known that she contemplates a new matrimonial venture, should her prayer for a release from the bonds which unite her to Edward Langtry be granted. She is expected to arrive in San Francisco within six weeks.

### BRICE'S BOODLE.

**To Carry State Ticket $200,000 and to Boost Brice $300,000.**

Springfield, O., Sept. 16.—Very good authority gives the news that Senator Brice has planned to dump $500,000 into Ohio this fall; $200,000 of it, the story goes, is to be used in trying to elect the state ticket, while the remainder is to be dumped into the various legislative districts. The campaign for aggressiveness and thoroughness, will, it is said, surpass any ever fought in Ohio.

In the event of success, Brice, and not Campbell, is to forge to the front, as a candidate for President. Campbell is simply a step Brice proposes to use.

"Do you suppose," asked a well-known politician, "that Brice is going to put up a lot of money for Campbell, and then, in the event of success, let the latter be the big mogul of the party? Not a bit of it. Brice's chief ambition right now is to be the next President and he knows that if he should be victorious in Ohio this fall, he, and not his hired man, will get the credit."

### THAT WAGE DISPUTE.

Springfield, O., Sept. 11.—Superintendent Charles Bauer, of the Warder, Bushnell & Glessner company's shops at Lagonda, was seen by your correspondent at the Arcade Hotel this morning, and he said that the whole trouble at the shops originated over four boys, core-makers, named James Mitchell, Andton Cook, Luke Cone and Harry Mitchell, going to the foreman and stating that there was a mistake in their pay. The foreman reported the matter to Superintendent Bauer and he said the scale had been arranged differently than last year. In some departments the scale was raised and others lowered to equalize it. This is done at the beginning of every season. The boys, who had been "fixed" by outside parties, demanded the same scale as last year and left the building before anything could be done about the matter.

General Bushnell said that the mother of James Mitchell called at his residence this morning, asking that her boy be put to work again and he consented. The general says he has received information that a plot was made to spring this false report on him at the opening of the campaign for political effect. He says all departments are really receiving a better scale than last year and that he will not be injured in the least by this affair.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

**Royal Baking Powder**

**ABSOLUTELY PURE**

### THE CHICKAMAUGA DEDICATION

**Will Take Place on Thursday and Friday—The Programme.**

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 16.—Under the guiding hand of the secretary of war, acting under the authority of Congress, Chattanooga and the notable battlefields surrounding it have been prepared for a national event without parallel. Great throngs of veterans, who fought against each other, are crowding into the city to take equal part, under national enactment, in the dedication of fields which their prowess made memorable as a national military park, wherein the movements and the achievements of each side have received impartial attention. As provided in the act of Congress, Secretary Lamont has invited the attendance of the executive department of the government, the members of the Supreme court, Congress and its presiding officers, the lieutenant general of the army, and the admiral of the navy, the governors of all the states, with their staffs and veterans of the contending armies. All are to be prominently represented. Nearly every surviving general of the two armies has sent notice of his intention to attend. The governors of every state which had troops in the action here responded favorably to the secretary's invitation. In a few cases the governors themselves will be prevented from attending, but their states will be officially represented.

A joint committee of 20 senators and 30 members of the house will represent congress. The members of 26 state commissions who have been at work with the national commission in locating lines of battle of the troops of their respective states will attend. The Society of the Army of the Cumberland, of the Army of the Tennessee, the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Association of Confederate Veterans will be present in unusual numbers. This official concourse is to be increased by a gathering of an army of visitors already known to be so great that it will tax the capacity of the railroads centering here and the city to their utmost capacity.

Gen. Fullerton, by order of the secretary of war, has charge of all arrangements for the dedication.

The official dedication, under the auspices of congress and the secretary of war, will occupy the 19th and 20th insts., but exercises of a general character will occupy the whole day of the 18th and evenings of the 18th, 19th and 20th.

The dedication of the state monuments will occur mainly on the 16th. Michigan, her governor presiding, will lead off at Snodgrass Hill at 9 a. m. Ohio, with an elaborate programme, will follow at noon at the same place, and Minnesota at 2 o'clock. These exercises will all take place at the platform and amphitheatre erected for the national dedication exercises at the foot of Snodgrass Hill, the famouse horse shoe ridge of Gen. Thomas's battle.

The dedication of Illinois monuments, the governor presiding, will take place at Lytle Hill the afternoon of the 18th. Indiana will be upon the field in great force for the dedication of her monuments, the quartermaster of the state having sent 600 tents to accommodate the governor's party and the veterans who are to attend from that state. Missouri's dedication will occur on the 20th at Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge. The hours for Wisconsin and Pennsylvania depend upon the closing work on their monuments.

The night of the 18th, in the tent provided for dedication purposes at Chattanooga, the Army of the Cumberland will hold its re-union. The tent has a seating capacity of 8,000. Upon the platform will be seated the leading officials, both national and state at Chattanooga, and the leading veterans of both armies, and the Society of the Army of the Tennessee in a body. Gen. C. F. Manderson will be the orator, and there will be brief speeches from Lieut. Gen. Schofield, Gen. Dodge, president of the Society of the Army of Tennessee; Gen. Butterfield, Gen. Horace Porter, Gen. J. H. Wilson, Col. Fred Grant and Father Sherman.

At noon of the 19th the Chickamauga field will be dedicated, the vice president of the United States presiding upon the invitation of Secretary Lamont. The orators will be Gen. John M. Palmer and Gen. John B. Gordon, both of the United States senate.

The night of the 19th, in the tent at Chattanooga, the veterans of Sherman's and Bragg's armies will hold public exercises. Gen. Granville M. Dodge, president of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, presiding. The chief speeches will be by Gen. O. O. Howard, Gen. Joseph Wheeler, of Alblama, and Gen. Willard Warner, Chattanooga.

During the forenoon of the 20th there will be a parade and a review, in which all organized military bodies will take part. At noon the dedication of the Chattanooga fields will take place in the tent, the speakers being Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor, of the house of representatives, and Gen. Wm. B. Bate, of the senate.

The night of the 20th the exercises in the tent will be conducted by the veterans of Hooker's and Longstreet's forces, Gen. T. C. Walthall of the United States senate, presiding. Among the speakers for this occasion are Col. Lewis R. Stegman of the New York commission; Gov. W. C. Oates, of Alabama; Gen. J. H. Williamson, of Iowa, and Gen. Frank C. Armstrong, of Washington, D. C.

### GOOD RICE CROP IN PROSPECT.

**Favorable Reports From Carolina and Georgia.**

New York, Sept. 7.—Dan Talmadge's Sons issued the following bulletin yesterday:

Reports from the rice growing sections are of the most promising character; harvesting generally under way and one-half of the crop beyond the range of disaster. Carolina and Georgia river crops fine and good yields. Total yield averages 30 per cent ahead of last year.

In Louisiana unfavorable reports from river parishes on early rice, but later plantings filled well, ripening slowly and promising heavy yield.

### WAR IS OVER.

**Court Sustains New Police Officials in Omaha.**

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 17.—A special to the Bee from Lincoln, Neb., says: The supreme court this morning filed its decision in the Omaha fire and police commission case with the clerk of the court. The decision in substance finds for the new board of fire and police commissioners, and declares the act constitutional.

In conclusion the court finds that Broatch, Vandervoort and Foster are the lawfully constituted board of fire and police commissioners of Omaha.

### HOLMES GUILTY OF MURDER.

**Indianapolis Coroner Charges Him With Killing Howard Peltzel.**

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 11.—Coroner Custer, of this (Marion) county, will return a verdict of murder in the case of Howard Peltzel and will charge H. H. Holmes directly with the crime. He says the evidence taken in this county is to him conclusive, though entirely circumstantial.

**Women and Women only**

Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily.

In the form of washes, solutions, etc., for distressing inflammations, irritations, and weaknesses of the mucous membrane, it has proved most grateful.

CUTICURA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere, as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet and bath.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, Edg. Sheet-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

**Radway's Pills**

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Piles,

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA

—AND—

All Disorders of the Liver.

Full printed directions in each box; 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists. Send to

RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK,

For Book of Advice.

### MORTON ENDORSED.

**New York Republicans Name Him for President.**

Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 17—The convention has endorsed Morton for President by acclamation.

The convention has voted a recess until 3 p. m.

At 12:20 Mr. Platt entered the hall, and there was an uproar that was astonishing, men standing on the seats and cheering vociferously, while the band played "Hail to the Chief."

At precisely 12:31 Chas. W. Hackett, of the state committee, rapped for order, and Dr. Carey, of the Episcopal church, offered prayer, praising God for patriotism, which he termed "The foundation of pure politics and therefore of the nation."

### SPHINX HARRISON MUST SPEAK.

**Indiana Republicans Preparing to Smoke Him Out.**

Indianapolis, Sept. 17.—A conference of the leading Republicans of the state has been called for the latter part of the week, at which methods of reorganization will be discussed and steps taken to open headquarters at once and proceed to active organization for the coming national campaign. It is proposed to reorganize the committees in all the counties during the fall and early winter, and place them at work as soon as the new state committee is elected, which will be in January. It is understood that the conference has been called in order that something definite may be learned regarding the intentions of ex-President Harrison touching his candidacy. He will be asked to take part in the conference, in the hope that he may give an expression regarding his intentions.

### CHEROKEE STRIP'S BIRTHDAY.

**Is Two Years Old and Has 100,000 People.**

Perry, Okla., Sept. 17.—Citizens of the Cherokee Strip are celebrating the second aniversary of the opening to-day at Graham's Park, near here. Over 2,000 people are gathered and leading men of the territory will speak.

The Cherokee Strip, which is two years old, has over 100,000 people and 30 good towns. Perry is the largest, with a population of 6,000.

### A STRANGE STORY.

**Dakota Man Secured the Wife He Wanted.**

Chicago, Sept. 16.—A special dispatch to the Chicago Tribune gives the following:

A girl who a year ago was pronounced dead and prepared for burial has reappeared before her astonished parents and friends as the wife of George E. Thompson, a young farmer living with his mother near Hope, N. D.

Mrs. Thompson was Miss Ellen Norman, the 19-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Norman, living just south of Hope. She was engaged to be married to Mr. Thompson, but her parents were strongly opposed to the match.

In October, 1894, the girl was taken ill. October 24 she died; at least the doctors pronounced her dead, after subjecting her to numerous tests. The funeral was set for October 25. The body was kept over night in the Norman house.

The only watcher was Mr. Thompson, who declared he was not afraid of the disease whatever it was. It was due to his watching that the young woman is alive to-day. Thompson removed the lid of the coffin in order to once more gaze upon the face of his fiancee.

He was startled to see the chest of the body in the casket rise and fall in a spasmodic way, as though the girl was gasping for breath. He wrapped the rigid form in a blanket and carried it to his home. There she awakened and explained all to his mother.

Then Thompson returned to the Norman house, made up a dummy, and closed the coffin. This was buried. After Miss Norman had been carried to the Thompson residence and a doctor had worked over her for several hours it became evident that she had simply been in a trance.

She remained delirious for several days. As she became stronger all was explained to her. About the middle of December Miss Norman was spirited away from Hope by Dr. Mullan and Mr. Thompson, and since that time she has been traveling in the South and West, where she has fully regained her health.

Soon after leaving here she and Mr. Thompson were married and shortly after that Dr. Mullan returned to his home here, leaving his patient in charge of her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson arrived here a few days ago, first having advised Mr. and Mrs. Norman that the daughter that they had mourned as dead was alive and well and on her way home to them as the wife of Mr. Thompson.

There was a dramatic scene when Mrs. Thompson met her father and mother. Mrs. Thompson looks as well and happy as a woman can, but does not care to talk of her strange experience.

### NOMINATIONS ARE MADE.

**Pennsylvania Democrats Endorsed Cleveland and Other Things.**

Williamsport, Pa., Sept. 12.—The Democratic state convention adjourned last night after making these nominations:

For state treasurer, ex-Congressman Benjamin F. Meyers, of Harrisburg, by acclamation.

Judges of the superior court, Harmon Yerkes, of Bucks county; J. S. Moorehead, of West Moreland; C. H. Noyes, of Warren; P. P. Smith, of Lackawanna; Oliver P. Bechtel, of Schuylkill and Christopher Magee, of Allegheny.

Apart from the judicial contest the features of the convention were the adoption of a platform endorsing President Cleveland and the principles of the Democratic party and arraigning the present state administration.

### ON A LONG TRIP.

**Columbian Liberty Bell to go Around the World.**

Chicago, September 11.—The Columbian Liberty bell will start on its trip around the world on Friday morning at 8 o'clock. It will first go to the Atlanta exposition to remain two months. Then it will be taken to New Orleans and the city of Mexico, and from there to Runny Mede, England, where the bell will ring in commemoration of Magna Charta. The rest of the journey has not yet been planned, but it is the intention to have the bell reach Mount Aarrat in 1900 and ring at a congress of representatives from every religious organization on earth.

### Col. Bob Agin Niggahs, Sah!

Columbia, S. C., Sept. 13.—Col. Robert Aldrich introduced a complete constitution in the convention yesterday. Its most novel feature was a provision that no negro shall hold office in South Carolina. He contends that the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the federal constitution do not confer upon the negro an inalienable right to hold office.

### BIG GOLD SHIPMENTS.

**Syndicate Quotes Low Prices as a Reason for Heavy Drafts.**

New York, Sept. 13.—The following announcements of gold shipments by to-morrow's steamers have been made:

W. H. Crossman & Co., $1,000,000; Hoskier, Wood & Co., $500,000; Hard & Rand, $300,000; Nesslage & Fuller, $100,000; Lazard Freres, $2,500,000; Handy & Harman, $250,000.

The engagement of $2,500,000 gold by Lazard Freres has created a profound sensation in Wall street. The fact that Messrs. Lazard Freres are important members of the government bond syndicate increases the already great surprise in the matter of the shipment. A member of the firm made the following statement to a reporter of The Associated Press: "We believed that during the first half of September a sufficient amount of grain, cotton and other bills would have been offering and that the necessity of exporting this gold would be thus averted. Our shipment of gold is an imperative necessity in order to fulfill our business obligations with Europe. We hope that it will be a temporary expedient and that within the next few weeks plenty of bills will be offering and that everything will come around all right."

The firm recite the low prices ruling for our breadstuffs, the slow movement of cotton and the fairly large supply of that staple already in European hands as cause for the shipment of gold.

The sudden engagement of $2,500,000 in gold by Lazard Freres, who have been accounted a leading member of the government bond syndicate gave the street the impression that the syndicate, that has stepped between the treasury and the gold exporters, had been disrupted. The effect upon stock exchange prices was instantaneous and material declines were scored all along the line. Subsequently the market mysteriously developed supporting strength.

A representative of the Associated Press called upon Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the head of the government bond syndicate, and asked as to the truth of the rumors of the dissolution of the syndicate. Mr. Morgan replied: "The bond syndicate is still in the field. There has been no rupture. The syndicate will continue to do all that it can to help maintain the treasury gold reserve at the $100,000,000. The obligations of the syndicate expired, however, some time ago."

**As Washington Sees It.**

Washington, Sept. 13.—The news that $4,500,000 had been withdrawn today for export from the sub-treasury at New York, was received here with surprise, and the announcement created for the moment something like a sensation in the treasury department. This feeling, however, was not shared by the high officials, who apparently regard the withdrawal as an incident to the speculative spirit that seems to pervade Wall street at this time.

The heavy withdrawals that have been made recently are declared to have been in the interest of speculators and not to have been warranted by the present legitimate business conditions, or the legitimate demands for gold abroad. By some officials it is thought that the withdrawals are made with the sole purpose of forcing another bond issue. It can be stated however, on excellent authority that there is not to be any issue of bonds. The reason given is that none will be needed. Those who are cognizant of the facts state that the Morgan-Belmont syndicate under the terms of their contract undoubtedly will protect the gold reserve against the inroads of speculators, and will see to it that a reasonable balance is maintained. No doubt is expressed that as soon as the grain shipments from the Northwest have fully set in, there will be an abundant supply of foreign bills on the market to meet every demand and the withdrawals. It is thought, must necessarily cease.

### THE NEW ARMY RIFLE TRIED.

**Fort Sheridan Prisoner Whose Term is Forever Ended.**

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 11.—In a bold dash for liberty Thomas Coffee, a convict soldier, lost his life at Fort Sheridan yesterday. A bullet from a sentinel's rifle crashed through his brain as he fled down the beautiful ravine which divides the fort from the lake. George Williams, his comrade in the convict gang, and the arch-conspirator in the plot to break out, escaped a bullet from the same rifle, and gained freedom.

Coffee had been a military black sheep, and his record hung like a cloud over him. He had before him a life of toil for nearly three years, as he was serving a five years' sentence, which began at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. He was serving his five years' sentence for beating a sentinel into a state of unconsciousness in 1892 and escaping.

The two men broke from the wagon in which they were being taken out to work. The wagon was in charge of two guards, one of them being Sharpshooter Kress, who was armed with the new Kraag-Jorgensen gun.

In planning the dash for freedom both had overlooked one terrible fact. The chief sentinel whose duty it was to guard them was a famous sharpshooter.

According to the plan, Kress was not to be given time to think. But a sharpshooter has quick eyes, and Kress saw Williams nudge Coffee, and was upon them in their first steps toward freedom and his first shot caught Coffee.

The bullet entered the occiput and crashed through his brain and came out at his forehead. Then it sped through the tree, which was eight inches in diameter, burying itself four inches deep in the soft soil of the opposite bank. Coffee's body remained in a crouching position, rigid in death, as if the man had been trying to hide behind the tree.

### WAGES ASCEND.

**Of Over Fifty Thousand Workers Increased Ten Per Cent.**

Pittsburg, Sept. 13.—The wages of over 50,000 workers in the Union iron mills of the country for September and October have been fixed by representatives of the Merchants' Bar Iron Association and the Amalgamated Association Iron and Steel Workers. The settlement gives all employes in the finishing departments an advance of 2 per cent. At the next bi-monthly settlement wages of both the puddlers and finishers will go up at least 4 per cent. more. The workers will be benefited by every advance made in the selling price.

**Iowa's Side Plate Accepted.**

Washington, Sept. 12.—Secretary Herbert has directed the acceptance of the side armor of the Iowa on the strength of the sample, made at Indian Head last week. It is the intension of the department to use the specimen plate now at the proving ground for further and more severe tests.

## Money, Crops, Trade.

### CORN HAS DECLINED.

**Report of the Statistician Department of Agriculture.**

Washington, Sept. 11.—The September report of the statistician department of agriculture shows a decline in the condition of corn to 96.4 from 102.5 in the month of August being a falling off of 6.1 points.

The prospects of the corn crop have suffered from drought during the month of August in the surplus producing states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and in a portion of Nebraska. Reports from Indiana, Iowa and Ohio indicate that though there have been rains during the latter part of the month, they have been generally too late to be of any great benefit. Drought has also injured the crop in the Eastern states, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Much more encouraging reports come from the South, which indicate that in that section the crop will be larger than ever before produced. Too much rain is noted in certain sections of South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, and drought seems to have affected unfavorably certain localities in Texas. Reports, however, from this section are generally favorable.

The averages in the principal states are: Kentucky, 106; Ohio, 83; Michigan, 85; Indiana, 86; Illinois, 97; Iowa, 96; Missouri, 111; Kansas, 84.

**The general condition of wheat considering both winter and spring varieties where harvested will be 75.4, against 83.7 last year and 74 in 1893.**

The reported conditions for the principal wheat states are as follows: Ohio, 64; Michigan, 79; Indiana, 52; Illinois, 59; Wisconsin, 85; Minnesota, 107; Iowa, 107; Missouri, 75; Kansas, 40; Nebraska, 74; North Dakota, 105; South Dakota, 74; California, 75; Oregon, 93; Washington, 79.

Condition of oats when harvested was 86; rye, 83.7; barley, 87.6; buckwheat, 87.5; potatoes, 90.8.

### QUANTITIES OF SMUT

**Officially Reported in the Minnesota Wheat Yield.**

Washington, Sept. 14.—The statistical report of the agricultural department issued to-day gives a review of general crop conditions not compromised in that made public on the 10th inst. It shows that in Minnesota there is a lower wheat yield than was anticipated, and considerable smut which is also prevalent in North Dakota where threshing shows a very good yield. There is a slightly improved condition in South Dakota. As to the Pacific coast, the report shows Oregon improvement since August 1; Washington damage by hot winds in western part offset, however, by good condition in the east. Berry hard and well-filled.

The least promising of important oat states are Kansas, with a percentage of 52.

Sweet potato average conditions range from 101 in Florida to 70 in Ohio.

### REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Sept. 17, 1895.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

| | Sept. 17 | Sept. 10 |
|---|---|---|
| U. S. 4's (new), coupons | 121 | 121½ |
| U. S. 4's (new), regist'd | 121 | 121½ |
| U. S. 5's, coupons | 115½ | 116 |
| U. S. 5's, registered | 115½ | 115¾ |
| U. S. 4's, coupons | 112½ | 112½ |
| U. S. 4's, registered | 111½ | 111½ |
| U. S. 2's, registered | 96½ | 96½ |
| Pacific 6's of '95 | 100 | 100 |

**Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.**

The market for wheat started weak on large Northwestern receipts and disappointing cables, but afterward firmed on a report that the bond syndicate would deposit ten millions of gold in the treasury. This not being confirmed, prices eased a little. For a time there was considerable covering by shorts. There was no free outside buying. Cables closed steady at 1-2d advance.

Corn was influenced by higher cables. Trade rather light. At Chicago September corn opened at 31 3-4c, rose to 32 1-4@32 3-8c, and closed at 32 1-8c asked; October, 30 5-8c, 31 1-2c then 31 3-8c asked; December corn opened at 28 1-8c and closed at 28 1-4c asked. At New York December corn opened at 35 3-4c bid, and closed at 36 1-8c; May, 35 1-8c bid, and to close, 35 1-2c bid.

Prices of wheat to-day:

| Sept. | Opened | Highest | Lowest | Close |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Toledo | 63½ | 63½ | 63¼ | 63¼ |
| Chicago | 63⅝ | 63¾ | 63⅝ | 63¾ |
| St. Louis | 57¼ | 57¾ | 57¼ | 58 |

December wheat opened in Chicago at 57½c, rose to 59¼c, and closed at 58¾@58¾c. At New York December wheat opened at 63¾c, fell to 63¼c, and closed at 64¼c.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 177,500 bushels; flour, 44,183 barrels, or wheat and flour as wheat, 376,683 bushels.

Receipts in the Northwest to-day: 365,348 bushels, with 1,256 cars on track; on track same day last year, 850 cars.

Primary receipts to-day: Wheat, 687,000 bushels; same day last year, 869,000 bushels. Receipts of corn, 480,000 bushels; same day last year, 361,000 bushels.

Increase east of the Rockies, 1,900,000 bushels.

Europe decreased 1,560,000 bushels.

The Wall Street News says:

The statement of Mr. Henry Farquhar, assistant statistician of the Department of Agriculture, in a recent article in the North American Review, that the meaning of 100 in wheat should be raised from the recent understood basis of 15 bu. to 15.7 bu. and corn from 28.9 bu. per acre to 29.4 bu., is believed to indicate that this basis may be later adopted by the department to increase its total production of these crops. Point is made that Mr. Dodge's figures per acre were too low. To be sure, figures regarding Mr. Dodge's estimates that they